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## THE FEMININE SOUL OF THE RENAISSANCE

Of all civilizations that of Greece was the most delightful. Beauty was the object of its idolatry, happiness sagaciously pursued its highest aim. Men lived blithely the days that were allotted, and lay down calmly to their final sleep. Their ideal was serenity, serene beauty, serene strength, serene wisdom. They were born idealists. They sought ever the highest types through the infinite mutations of individual imperfection. They studied the soul of humanity, seeking to evolve the perfect man and the perfect woman, not the particular soul, with its weakness and its strength, its greatness and its folly, as Shakespeare presents it. They conceived of the gods as only men and women, stronger, wiser, more beautiful than mankind, and dowered with eternal youth; but lifted so little above humanity that mortals might aspire to resemble them; and it was the god-like man, the god-like woman, whom they rejoiced to portray with brush and chisel, of whom they sang in songs that will resound through all the ages.

But in this incomparable civilization woman had little part. In Athens and Ionia wives and daughters were shut up in the gynæceum almost as closely as the women of the East are secluded in the harem. In an age when books were few, when education was imparted by listening to the traveller who told his tales in the market-place, to the orator who spoke in the public assemblies, to the poet who recited his verses or the philosopher who discoursed in the streets and porticoes, the women, immured

in their houses, were necessarily condemned to ignorance. Cut off from all intercourse with intelligent men, expected to be mere household ornaments or drudges, it is not surprising that they became the idle gossips whom Aristophanes delights to satirize. Having deprived them of every means of self-improvement, men scorned them and ridiculed their want of cultivation. It is true that a few of the hetairai, like Sappho and Aspasia, were women of marvelous genius and exquisite culture; but having burst through the bounds of womanly decorum, they could not demand respect, and in their refinement and intelligence they were rare exceptions in a degraded class.

Upon Greek civilization women therefore exercised almost no influence. Those who were respected were too ignorant and childish; those who had more information could command no esteem. It is true that at Sparta boys and girls received the same education; but that education was little more than physical training; and Sparta, far from contributing to the progress of Greek culture, excluded it from her borders as completely as she could. The civilization of Greece was almost purely masculine. Sappho was a poetess of unequalled splendor and Corinna was esteemed a worthy rival of Pindar, so gorgeous in his imagery, so magnificent in his diction; but they were isolated examples. The influence of woman is not exerted in such superb exceptions; it is a constant force that should be felt at every fire-side and through every day; holding up before the eyes of men a living model of refinement, of purity, of gentleness, of humanity. That influence was lacking to the Greeks in their palmy days.

In more distant ages woman had occupied a much loftier position. Homer depicts to us a society in which men and women are substantially equal, where they sit together at the same banquets and mingle in the same conversations. And of all women that have been pictured in prose or verse, those of Homer are the most perfect. The whole domain of literature furnishes us no example of a woman so sweet, so strong, so tender as Andromache, Hector's matchless spouse. As the Venus of Praxiteles was the most perfect female type that the artist ever executed, so Andromache stands supreme among the

creations of poets, the most splendid revelation of ideal womanhood.

From the fact that to the Greeks we owe the highest types of female perfection the inference would be natural that woman among them exerted a proportionate influence. But the contrary is the case. They did not love and reverence the sex sufficiently to study the individual woman with her varying moods, her capricious fancies, the endless permutations of a heart too sensitive to be serenely perfect. Idealists by nature, they did not observe the individual woman around them, but dreamed of the consummate type of female loveliness and virtue, and bodied forth the vision with a realistic power and an ideal beauty vouchsafed to them alone. Praxiteles is said to have created his Venus out of the perfect parts of many imperfect female forms, and Andromache lived only in the intense vision of the blind old Homer. A modern will love a woman till she seems faultless in his eyes and all her frailties will be portrayed as charms. The Greek was not so blinded. He looked ever beyond the real women about him to the standard of all womanhood of which he dreamed.

And so, while the female types that Greek literature and art have made are the eternal models of an ideal excellence, they are deficient in womanly charm. They are mere patterns of unattainable perfection. We have an unbounded admiration for Andromache and Penelope; they are infinitely superior as women to Ophelia or Desdemona, but we could not love them as we could love Shakespeare's women. The fair young Nausicaä who received the ship-wrecked Ulysses as became the daughter of a King is the fairest type of girlhood in all the range of literature; but we could not die for her as we could for a rosebud dropped from Juliet's balcony. They are too perfect, too free from feminine weaknesses, to possess the enthralling charm of womanhood.

And so it is with the works of antique art. It is the grace of the form, the perfection of the lineaments that it portrays, not the quivering soul, the palpitating heart. We admire infinitely the beauty and strength of the Venus of Melos, the rounded grace of the Venus de Medici; but there is in them nothing to

awaken love. They are so perfect that they have lost that essence of the eternal womanly that is so alluring to the soul of man. We look upon them as types, not as women we could take to our bosom. In their calm faces there are none of those delicate fancies, of that exquisite sensibility, of those ever changing moods that fascinate us in the sex. The body is there, the mind is there, but the fluttering soul is not yet awake.

Not only are these beautiful women too perfect to inspire love in merely mortal breasts, but it is clear that they have never loved. The over-mastering passion which, as Lord Byron says, is woman's whole existence, has never come with its magic touch to wake their hearts to life. No doubt the women of antiquity loved very much as they do to-day. No doubt their hearts fluttered in their breasts, no doubt their days were filled with infinite yearnings and their nights with dreams that alternately tortured and rejoiced their souls; no doubt they had the exquisite fancies, the brooding fears, the futile hopes, the delicate sentiments of modern women; but of all these the artist, his mind fixed on an ideal of impossible excellence of which the living women around him were but faint suggestions, was utterly oblivious. He looked beyond them to the woman of his imagination, to the goddess of absolute beauty, upon whose unaltered brow sat the glorious crown of serene perfection, whose every movement should be grace, whose every lineament should be faultless, and to whom the weakness of her sex should be unknown. They sought to pluck the stars from heaven, and overlooked the flowers of rarest fragrance that bloomed on every side. Despite the fact that Greece produced the greatest poetess of all the ages, her art, her literature, and her thought are essentially masculine. The women that her sculptors and her poets show us are beautiful beyond compare, but only their exterior is revealed. Neither sculptor nor poet listens to the heart that flutters like a dove in its cage of polished ivory, neither follows the soul in its wayward flights. They value a woman not as a separate entity, the more interesting by reason of those very imperfections that contribute to her individuality, but as a more or less successful embodiment of an ideal type.

To see of how little weight was woman in the civilization of



Greece we have only to turn to the songs of love. Read the odes of Anacreon or the elegies of Tibullus. Unquestionably love is there, fierce, passionate love; but it is not the love of the soul. It is as simple as the love of the lion for the lioness, of the dove for its mate. It is too simple, of too little psychological interest to form a satisfactory basis either for the drama or the romance. Now every novel is a study of love, every drama is devoted to its portrayal. But the tragedies of Greece dealt with other passions, and Greek romances were only stories of adventure where the tender passion plays but a subordinate part. Half the literature of to-day is devoted to the dissection of the female heart, and to the Greeks it would appear but foolishness.

The position of woman in Rome was much higher than in Greece. Few women have been treated with the respect paid to the Roman matrons, and few have deserved so much. But they were born and trained to be the wives and mothers of soldiers, and their virtues partook too much of sternness to possess great feminine allurements. They resembled their husbands and their sons too closely to influence them much. The same high courage, the same fierce patriotism, the same civil virtue that nerved the husband in the conflict burned in the bosom of the wife; and if she possessed them not, she did her best to conceal her weakness. Her highest ambition was to be worthy of him and worthy in his own manner. She was a strong helpmate in the hour of danger, the faithful guardian of his household gods; but as her sentiments and feelings were the same, her association could not change him greatly.

Such was the Roman matron when at her best. Her ideal was too lofty, too far removed from the weakness of her sex, to be always attained; but when she failed to reach it, she was more apt to fall into the vices of a Messalina or an Agrippina than to develop the delicate charms which in the modern woman exert so potent a fascination.

For reasons too complex for easy solution the civilization of antiquity stagnated at an early day. Alexander the Great died 323 B.C., and after his death art and literature steadily declined and science and philosophy made no tangible advance. It is therefore not likely that the position of woman or her social in-

fluence would have undergone any sensible alteration had conditions remained unchanged.

But there came two great events, which completely overturned established conditions, and created a new heaven and a new earth. The new world was converted to Christianity and was then overwhelmed by the fearful deluge of the barbaric invasion.

The advent of Christianity at first produced little effect upon the conception of womanhood either in literature or in art. By the time that the new faith had become paramount the human mind had so decayed that it was incapable of a fresh creation. It could only reproduce old forms with bungling inefficiency. And no doubt the hearts of the women were as degenerate as the minds of the men, equally desiccated, equally worn out and dead to new impressions. Moreover, the very perfection of the ancient masterpieces paralyzed the genius of invention. They were so numerous and so satisfying that it seemed useless to produce anything more and impossible to produce anything better. If the world had remained as it was in the days of Constantine, it is not likely that all the succeeding ages would have given us one masterwork of poetry, sculpture or painting. But when humanity seemed sunk into a stagnation from which nothing could arouse it, there came a deluge that swept the universe away and from which there was to be born a new world.

There is perhaps no period so revolting to contemplate as the centuries that followed the overthrow of the Roman Empire. By the common consent of mankind they have been called the Dark Ages; and they are pre-eminently the blackest era in the history of our race. The civilized people of the South were trampled under foot by the hordes of brutal barbarians from the North, whose only law was force, whose only right was in the sword, whose only culture was in the arts of taking human life. They scorned the weaker races whom they had overcome; they reduced them to virtual slavery, and treated them with such cruelty that the conquered soon degenerated into swinish brutes that live only to till the soil and perform menial offices for their arrogant masters. And the masters themselves degenerated almost as much as their serfs. As free warriors in the northern

forests they possessed at least a soldier's virtues; but when ruling with irresponsible power over cringing slaves and surrounded with all the allurements of the South, lawless authority bred in them the vices of tyrants, and an unwonted luxury led to multitudinous corruptions. So lords and villains continually reacted on one another, each making the other viler year by year, until the world was shrouded in a gloom and misery such as it had never known.

It was the most credulous of all the ages. Every day a miracle was proclaimed, and nobody doubted, nobody demanded proofs. Savages readily accept the supernatural, because their own observation is too slight to note the limitations of natural phenomena. Their ignorance is such that the natural and the supernatural appear equally probable. But that was not so with the people of the Middle Ages. They recognized the supernatural character of their miracles, and hailed them as manifestations of superhuman power. They believed because they wished to believe. The souls of vast numbers were quivering with desire for the spirit land. Through fasting, prayer and a mortification of the flesh they were in a state of ecstasy. Their highest ambition was to cast aside completely their vesture of clay and to live as palpitating spirits; and so nearly did they succeed that the real lost its hold upon them, and they dwelt in a world of dreams. Of course, the vast majority of the commonplace humanity lived swinishly upon the solid earth, eating and drinking, warring and loving; but while they could not follow the ecstatic souls in their heavenward flight, they looked upon them with blind reverence, and were ready to accept all the miracles they announced in the frenzy born of self-imposed hunger, thirst and flagellation. Each era has its own soul, which represents the spirit of the age; and the soul of the mediæval period was the soul of the anchorite or the nun who through long mistreatment of the body had almost escaped the fetters of man's existence and reached out with infinite longing toward the spirit land and the Christ upon the cross; a soul of infinite capacity for belief, which would have cried with Tertullian, "I believe it because it is impossible," had anything seemed impossible to its boundless credulity.

Yet from this night a new day was to be born, bearing but slight resemblance to the one whose noontide splendor had been followed by such unexampled darkness, yet in some respects brighter, and surely fuller of lasting hope. In this period of gloom, when the human mind seemed completely numbed, when literature was but childish stories and philosophy but barren scholasticism, the two inventions that have vied with steam and electricity in changing the face of the globe were brought to light. Gunpowder ensured forever the rule of civilization over savagery, making a cataclysm like the overthrow of Rome by the barbarians thenceforth impossible; and the printing-press brought knowledge, which had been the exclusive possession of the few, within the reach of all.

In fact, while the Middle Ages were the blackest in the annals of humanity, they were also the most fruitful. By an unparalleled convulsion the universe had been merged in chaos, and in the darkness titanic forces were at work, blindly and aimlessly fashioning a new heaven and a new earth. The deluge had swept away the civilization of Greece, so beautiful in its youth, but blasted so soon by a hopeless sterility and so withered in its age. Slowly from the flood there emerged a new civilization, less beautiful indeed, but pregnant with much greater things—a civilization in many respects unlovely, but which was to bring to the seething, suffering mass of mankind a well-being and a happiness that they had never known and which as yet shows no signs of the paralysis which so early benumbed the radiant limbs of Greece.

The most wonderful creation of those evil days was the modern soul. The soul of the Greeks, so serene and yet so limited in its aspirations, which we see in the down-cast eyes of the Muse of Cortona, had gradually changed into the dry, sterile soul of Byzantium, which had lost its hold on natural beauty, and could draw from the gospel of Christ only material for theological disputations. The tree had become forever barren, and naught remained but to cut it down and cast it into the fire. It was hewn down, and at first there grew up in its place only a wild, tangled undergrowth where poisonous plants and flowers too delicate for the sun were strangely intermingled; yet

from the midst of this there was to emerge the vast tree of modern civilization, whose far-reaching branches were to furnish to humanity the most grateful shelter it had ever known.

The mediæval soul is perhaps the strangest manifestation of man's spiritual essence, so full of vague strivings, of fruitless aspirations toward the infinite. All that was practical, all that was within its reach, it despised, while it stretched forth its arms with inappeasable yearning toward the unattainable. In a social organism where the body dwelt in swinish bestiality or was subjected to brutal hardship, the palpitating soul struggled upward toward the light with unexampled persistence. Sometimes in the darkness it beat its poor broken pinions in the dull air with absolute futility, at others it broke its clay prisons and soared unfettered in the blue vault of heaven. The horror and misery of the times, which generally makes people callous and indifferent to higher impulses, roused the men of the Middle Ages to seek to escape from their surroundings. Instead of the stoic system of schooling the proud spirit to master the body's pain, the soul sought to flee its corporeal bondage and to rise aloft into supernal regions.

And how different was this mediæval soul from that of Greece! Its serenity, its contentment, its directness of vision, all were gone, and in their place there had come vague aspirations, painful questionings, groundless fears, futile hopes, causeless palpitations, quiverings upward to a heaven of its dreams, plungings downward into a hell that seemed more real than the world of fact.

It is this soul that was bequeathed by the Middle Ages to the Renaissance, and it is its awakening to the beauty of external nature and the perfection of Grecian art that makes that period one of such surpassing interest. At no other time have feelings so contradictory and so intense manifested themselves by brush or chisel.

There are men who consider unbounded scepticism a proof of supreme intelligence, who laughed at the Trojan War till Schliemann had demonstrated its truth, who scorned Manetho's table of Egyptian Kings till the monuments had established its correctness, and who assert that the Muse of Cortona is not a



genuine antique. But if it was not painted by a Greek, who painted it? What modern could have evoked this matchless vision of Greek serenity? Even Raphael could not have done it, despite his preternatural insight and his perfect technique. And if it is beyond his powers in a field that he had made his own, what lesser artist need attempt it? It seems to me that the men who dispute the authenticity of that marvelous picture lack that spiritual intuition without which criticism is but a rattling of dead bones.

The best and quickest way to acquire a realizing sense of the difference between the antique and the modern soul is to place the Cortona Muse and Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" side by side in the mind's eye; the one so serene, so content with the beauty of this world, transparent as a crystal lake beneath a cloudless sky; the other mysterious, unfathomable, knowing neither what she is nor what are her desires, dreaming of all things possible or impossible, capable of all; the first perfect in her way, the second dowered with a far more fascinating imperfection. As we look at them we perceive that while the outward aspect of humanity has undergone no vast alteration, there has been born a soul that is entirely new. Instead of simplicity there is complexity, instead of serenity there are self-torturing questionings and ineffable longings, instead of placid contentment there is a restlessness that finds no peace.

Compare an antique Venus, proud of her beauty, rejoicing in her own perfection, unconscious of her nudity, with the Venus of Botticelli, whose dreamy eyes are full of wistful yearnings for she knows not what, who feels that she is naked, and who will wrap about her the embroidered mantle that is offered with all the shrinking modesty of a nun.

The greatest difference between the art of antiquity and that of Greece is in the soul. The Greeks, seeking ever for the type, sought not only a faultless body but a soul of serene perfection. It was not the individual soul that they portrayed, but an exemplar of what the soul should be. With their vague ideas of a future state where the soul survived only in a joyless limbo, it was not a thing of great importance; but with the Christian conception of an eternity of bliss or pain to which our earthly existence

was but a momentary, though decisive, prelude, each soul became a thing of inconceivable concern and worthy of the deepest study. Greek art lavished its inexhaustible genius upon the body; Renaissance art looked chiefly to the soul; and many of its most exquisite manifestations, like the women of Leonardo and Botticelli, would be homely enough without that irradiation of the spirit that makes them things of marvelous beauty.

As women are endowed with souls subtler, more refined, more intricate than those of men, an art which deals with the soul is chiefly concerned with women; and in the art of the Renaissance the feminine element predominates as distinctly as the masculine in that of Greece. The painter seeks no longer for the ideal type; he studies each quivering soul and tries to fix it on the canvas. And, except in the case of Michael Angelo, it is the soul of woman that he loves the most. Leonardo seeks to fathom its mysterious and unsounded depths, Botticelli to represent its engaging wistfulness, Raphael to show us its sweetness and its truth. But all of them, save the gorgeous Venetians of the pagan revival, make the body of woman only a lovely tabernacle for the soul. And the soul that they show us is no ideal abstraction, the quintessenced perfection of a thousand souls, it is the palpitating soul of some individual woman, with all its joy and sorrow, its weakness and its strength.

There is probably much in Greek Art that we fail to grasp, much that we have grown away from so completely that we do not note its existence. Certainly no Greek could comprehend the most precious elements of ours. These vain reachings toward the infinite would be to him foolishness; these yearnings for a world different from our bright, flower-crowned earth would seem to him a manifestation of disease. His art is simpler than ours, and it is possible that we comprehend it all; but much that is most exquisite in the art of the Renaissance would be lost on him. The men of a few generations ago found the splendid music of Beethoven's "Fidelio" beyond their comprehension, and would have stood aghast before Wagner's colossal orchestration; while a Greek could have made nothing of Mozart's simplest harmonies. Our own age is that in which music attained its richest development, but it is likely that the human

soul was more complex during the Renaissance than at any other period. We are the children of the Middle Ages, but we have got so far away, we have learned so much from the pagan past and the practical present, that we are greatly altered. It is with us as with our language. It is a Germanic stock on which the French has been engrafted. They have now so completely coalesced that they form a united whole; but there was a time when they co-existed, when the bonds of neither were defined, when one man spoke chiefly French and another chiefly Saxon, with an ever varying syntax.

Such a time was the Renaissance. The world had awakened to the beauty of external nature and the perfection of antique art, but it still looked at them with the eyes of the Middle Ages. It was as if in a convent of nuns a Grecian Aphrodite should be exhumed. We can imagine the sisters gathered round, some charmed by her beauty, others shocked by her nakedness, many charmed and shocked at the same time, fearing lest it be a sin to look upon the heathen goddess, yet unable to turn their eyes away.

It is this conflict between different impulses and aspirations that gives to the Renaissance its undying interest and to its art its special character. The human mind awoke from its long sleep, which had been troubled by so many visions of beauty and horror. Slowly the new day lit up the world, and men's eyes opened gradually to the light. At first they saw dimly through the gray mists, then more distinctly, at last with the splendor of the full morning and with all the rapture of awakened youth tingling in their veins.

The Renaissance was the world's second youth, but how different from that of Greece! The youth of Hellas was a strong and healthy youth, the wholesome joy of young limbs basking or racing in the sunlight. The Greeks were children of nature, beautiful in a beautiful land. They were in perfect accord with their surroundings, as much at home as a wood-nymph in the forest, a sea-nymph on the waves. Their childhood had been free from care, their youth was blithesome and looked forward to the future with proud and confident glance. Unable to conceive of anything lovelier than the land in which they dwelt, with its pur-

ple mountains lifting their peaks far into the cloudless heavens, its umbrageous valleys through which there flowed rills and rivers of murmurous crystal, and its sapphire sea breaking forever on its golden sands and verdant promontories, they rejoiced as Nature's children, contented with their lot. They regarded themselves as the offspring of the flower-crowned earth, and exulted in her radiant beauty. They delighted in her smiles, and when they came to lie down upon her bosom for their final sleep, they regretted indeed to leave the pleasant sunlight, but felt no shrinking from a wrath to come.

Not so with the world's second youth. Its second childhood had been passed in darkness, frightened continually by stories of unspeakable horror and despair. It had been told that the fair sun was a baleful watch-fire, that the beautiful earth was spread before its eyes only to allure it to destruction. It had been brought up in the shadow of convent walls, and had been taught to turn its back on the gladsome day and to seek its happiness in ecstatic visions. When at last it was dragged forth into the light, it came half rejoicing, half reluctant, now longing to return to its ghostly cloisters, now delighting to disport itself in the clear radiance of the new day, and, as Goethe says, to bathe its breast in the morning red.

There was never a period like it. There was never a time when eyes so long accustomed to the darkness were so suddenly opened to the sun; when limbs that had so long been kept in fetters were so suddenly loosened and bidden to wanton in the free air; when hearts that had so long been shivering with terror were told that they might be glad.

But they could not be glad with the untroubled gladness that the Greeks had known. The bandage was taken off, but their eyes were as much blinded as charmed by the light. The shackles were removed, but the limbs had been too long accustomed to healthful exercise to move with ease or grace. They were bidden to rejoice, but the old fear still lingered in their hearts. Their childhood of ecstatic visions and maddening apprehensions had left upon them marks that could never be effaced. In the darkness the blithesome soul of Greece had died, and in its place there had been born a new soul, full of strange long-

ings, a quivering, ecstatic thing that spurned the earth, and sought with its feeble wings to fly to heaven.

Interesting as is the art of the Renaissance from its technical side, its most fascinating aspect is the development of this mediæval soul under its changed conditions, and its gradual adaptation of itself to its new environment.

And this soul was essentially feminine. The soul of antiquity was masculine, its virtues were those that became a man. But Christianity had exalted the feminine virtues of love, charity, forgiveness of injuries, chastity, patience and humility, until they had usurped the place once occupied by patriotism, courage, fortitude, generosity, and pride. And it is this feminine soul that the painting of the Renaissance reveals — not always in a woman's vestments, but often in the garb of manhood — a manhood on which a Greek would look with unspeakable contempt. Imagine one of these monks in ecstasy, with whom the pictures of the Renaissance abound, in a Greek palestra! With what scorn the youthful athletes and the strong, bearded men with their proud glance and their kingly stride would gaze at the poor wasted limbs and the eyes which, though wide open, saw not the beauty of the earth. They would deem the holy man a craven thing, a dreamer and a fool. They could not have understood his qualities even in a woman, and would deem them incompatible with the character of a man.

We can still comprehend these female souls imprisoned in masculine bodies; but we have grown so far away from them that it is only with an effort that we can bring ourselves into sympathetic touch. Most women can still love them; but to many they have become hateful.

During the Renaissance the soul of woman attained a development and a complexity that it has never known before and which it perhaps has never possessed since. Now the long battle between the naturalism of pagan ideals and the spiritualism of the Middle Ages has been fought out. The opposing forces have been reconciled and the compromise effected out of which our modern civilization has grown. But at that time they were still in conflict, and the strife went on in every bosom that was not too blind to see the new light or too commonplace to feel the irra-



diation of the old. The shadowy cloister with its dreams of heaven drew men in one direction; the smiling earth with its promises of pleasure allured them in another; the first with the power of ancient habit, the second with the intensity of newly awakened desire.

But that was not all. The Renaissance was a period of extreme individualism. It is probable that there was never a time when the individuality of men was more strongly developed. Our civilization is now so compact, so well established, that it forces us all into the same mold. Then it was quite different. The awakened spirit of man was everywhere trying to shake off its fetters. Laws were feeble, and men usually righted their own wrongs either by the strong arm of violence or the insidious machinations of revengeful cunning. Public opinion was weak, and did not constrain men to conform to fixed standards. There was no public press to hold up to ridicule or censure eccentricities of dress or behavior. The limits of the possible and the impossible had not yet been defined. So each man was free to develop along his own lines and to follow his own instincts to their ultimate consequences. There resulted a great number of intense and highly individualized personalities. We know one of them, Benvenuto Cellini, perfectly, because he revealed himself without reserve. Such a man could not exist to-day. But in his own time he was nothing extraordinary. There were many that were like him, many others who in other directions were just as original and unrestrained. Some, like Sigismund Malatesta and Cæsar Borgia, had shaken off even the most elementary ideas of morality, and were merely clear-eyed beasts of prey. All were free, in thought, in speech, in manner. Each was himself as God had made him to an almost unparalleled degree. Society was not homogeneous, as it had been in the Middle Ages and as it is again becoming, but was composed of distinct units, loosely bound together by law and custom, and always ready to assert their independent existence.

And the women were as remarkable as the men. Outside of France, where, at least until the establishment of the present republic, there has always been a woman at the bottom of every-

thing, they have never been so influential. The world was keenly alive to every form of beauty, and of beauty woman is the most alluring manifestation. For her charms they had an admiration that was scarcely excelled by the Athenians as they watched Phryne rising as Aphrodite from the sea.

And there has never been a time when the female mind was more thoroughly cultivated. Women entered with enthusiasm into the study of the new learning. They mingled on terms of equality with the greatest scholars of their time. Shakespeare's Portia was no creation of the poet's brain. In the universities of Padua and Bologna women were professors of the civil law, and their lecture rooms were thronged with admiring scholars. A vastly greater proportion than at any later time were familiar with the Greek and Latin classics. This was partly due to the fact that most literature of value was in the dead languages and that modern tongues, in which women now excel, were then of slight importance. Still a mastery of Greek and Latin can be attained only by a strenuous exertion of the mind, and is proof of earnest study.

There was probably never a time when the education of women was so precisely the same as that of men. Everything that was deemed worth a man's knowing was equally open to them. Even the conventionalities of female modesty were laid aside, and the women who discussed with men the gravest problems of philosophy listened with them to the tales of Boccaccio and Masuccio. In fact, they mingled freely and on terms of perfect equality. Nothing was conceded to the supposed weakness of the feminine intellect. Whatever there was to be learned she was expected to acquire, and her ambition rose with every fresh demand. Some became distinguished jurists; others, like Veronica Gambara, Gaspara Stampa and Vittoria Colonna, were leaders among the poets of the age. Almost all were thoroughly versed in the philosophy of Plato, which so profoundly stirred the spirit of the Renaissance. It was in their salons that the most brilliant men of the age met; in their presence the most important questions were debated, and frequently the conversation was led and guided by the hostess. Even the famous courtesans, like Imperia and Tullia d'Aragona, were as remark-

able for their culture as their beauty. They held receptions which were thronged by the philosophers and poets of the time, and which were not despised even by distinguished ecclesiastics. Indeed, they repeated all the triumphs of Laïs and Phryne, and anticipated the reign of Ninon de L'Enclos.

But all this culture was infused into a mind that was essentially feminine; all these problems were propounded to a soul with all a woman's sensitiveness and her dreams of the ideal. Her training was the training of a man, but her soul was the soul of a woman; and while its vision was immensely extended by the light of the new learning, its essence remained unchanged. The conflicting impulses that warred in the breast of man warred in her tender bosom with far greater violence. With the conservatism of her sex she clung closer to the ancient faith; but with the curiosity of Eve she peered into the darkest corners that were revealed by the brightening dawn. At times she would dream of the ecstasy of St. Catherine; at others, she would join in the boldest disputations of the most advanced thinkers. To-day she would listen in wrapt attention to the frenzied preaching of a Dominican denouncing the world, the flesh and the devil in accents of fire; to-morrow she would mingle as a bacchante in one of the wild revels of the period, or would hear, smiling, though with downcast eyes, the licentious tales in which the age delighted. Her life was free, passionate, complete, as the life of woman has rarely been. Nothing was deemed improper for her to know; nothing was denied to her investigation. She was courted for her beauty; praised for her wit; encouraged in the display of her charms of mind and body; yet in the intoxication of her worldly triumph the still, small voice of faith whispered to her heart, bidding her cast all away and find her spirit's true repose in the cloister's echoing aisles; and often, beneath the burden of some bitter sorrow or in the mere ecstasy of religious fervor, she exchanged her splendid trapping for the dusky garments of a nun.

In art the women of the Renaissance achieved practically nothing; but that was because painting and sculpture were looked upon as mere handicrafts and not as elegant accomplishments. Yet, while they wielded neither brush nor chisel, they domi-

nated the art of the time. It is essentially a feminine art, concerned rather with the study of expression than with the production of types of physical perfection. It preferred painting to sculpture because the pencil can catch far better the fleeting manifestations of the quivering soul. Even its statuary is not sculptural, concerning itself rather with expression than with form. It is not probable that any statue of the strenuous period of the Renaissance would have been accepted by a Greek. We understand them; we know the feeling which the artist bodies forth with such consummate skill; we see in them an exquisite loveliness; but to a Greek they would be simply ugly. The soul that irradiates from them would have for him no meaning, and their irregular outlines would offend his eye.

Not only is Renaissance art feminine because it deals chiefly with the soul, which is woman's special province, but its works that allure us most are chiefly pictures of women. Apart from Michael Angelo's prodigious masculine creations, the female figures are those that arise before us when we think of Renaissance art. Splendid as are the masculine types that Raphael gives us in the "School of Athens" and the "Disputa," it is chiefly his incomparable Madonnas that we love. Inspired as is the face of the Monk that plays in Giorgione's "Concert," it pales from view beside the maddening beauty of his "Sleeping Venus." Noble as is the face of Leonardo's Christ of the "Last Supper" it is his "Mona Lisa" and his Madonnas that haunt our dreams. And so it is throughout. With the possible exception of Signorelli, it is ever in a female face that the artist reaches the highest point of his achievement. And the beauty which he seeks is not so much that of faultless lineaments as that which comes as a light from within. Often, as in the case of Leonardo and Botticelli, the faces would be positively homely without the soul that shines through them and makes them things of divinest charm. Only Giorgione, Titian and their followers loved physical beauty for its own sake, with the unquestioning rankness of a Greek.

Everywhere throughout the Peninsula the hymn was raised to woman's beauty. Her charms were the principal theme of the poet's song, the chief inspiration of the painter's

brush. Never has art loved woman so much and depicted her varying aspects with so much sympathy and power. The artists of Rome showed her in her strength; the Umbrians in her purity and her religious fervor; the Florentines in her mental strivings, her wistful longings, her unsatisfied desires; the Lombards displayed her honeyed smile that haunts the imagination with its unfulfilled promise; the great Venetians pictured her in the glory of the pagan revival, beautiful and proud of the satiny splendor of the flesh, while Correggio shows her in the palpitating ecstasy of pagan joy. Her every aspect of soul and body are revealed as never before or since in the serene beauty of Raphael, the saintly devotion of Perugino, the wistful sadness of Botticelli, the unfathomed mystery of Leonardo's smile and the sweetness of Luini's, the joy of Correggio, the matchless revelation of the body's beauty that Titian and Giorgione gave.

And the writers of the day pay an equal tribute to her loveliness. The *Asolani* of Bembo, the *Cortegiano* of Castiglione, the poems of Ariosto, in fact, all the literature of the time, is redolent with the charm of womanhood. At every court there was some presiding female genius, who gathered around her artists, philosophers and poets, and established what was perhaps the most delightful society that the world has ever known, where men and women loved beauty with a fondness that was truly Greek, where art, literature, philosophy and love were the principal topics of conversation, where thought and language were free as they have rarely been, and manners were refined to an ultimate perfection. Such courts were held by Isabella d'Este at Mantua, by Elizabetta Gonzaga at Urbino, by Veronica Gambara at Correggio, by Catarina Cornaro at Asolo, by Beatrice d'Este and Lucretia Borgia at Ferrara, by Catarina Sforza at Forli, and by many another whom we have not time to name. There they reigned with an absoluteness of sway that women have rarely known, queens over the hearts of their courtiers, sharing in all the thoughts of artists, poets and scholars, leading the culture of the time, and guiding men into pleasant paths of exquisite dalliance. Since the death of Pan, life had perhaps never been so worth living as beneath their smile. The



thunders of the Reformation, the shoutings of captains marshaling their forces for the religious wars that were to deluge Europe with blood and to plunge it into a gloom almost equalling mediæval darkness, fell upon their ears only as a faint murmur from the distant north. They heeded it not, and proceeded with their masks, their tourneys and their revels, discoursing sweetly of love and art, of music and philosophy, while beyond the Alps the cannon were being forged that were to lay low their proud battlements and the bands of religious fanatics were being organized who were to change their joy to lamentation, their silks and jewels to sackcloth and ashes, their freedom of thought and delight in learning to ignorance and superstition. And because we know the doom that was hanging over that bright Renaissance world, the black night of bigotry and wrath that was to follow so fair a day, it acquires that poignant interest that attaches to the things that we know are doomed to an early death.

The age of fanaticism and gloom that extinguished the light and joy of the Renaissance world is passing now — in fact, it has almost passed. Again we look upon the world and see that it is fair; again we realize that heaven is not reached by making earth a hell, but by making it as much like heaven as we can; that our eyes are given to us that we may see, our minds that we may understand. Again we are returning to the spirit of the Renaissance, chastened indeed and saddened, but still with its freedom of thought, its love of beauty, its delight in the world around us; and again the fair women whom Raphael and Titian loved, whose charms Bembo and Ariosto sang, smile to us across the ages, and awaken a new light in the eyes of their distant daughters.

G. B. ROSE.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

## THE POETRY OF MR. A. C. BENSON

Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson is a lyrist of gentle emotions remembered in utter tranquillity. In his five books of verse, "Poems," "Lyrics," "Lord Vyet," "The Professor," and "Peace and Other Poems," dated respectively 1893, 1895, 1897, 1900, and 1905, he has published about two hundred and sixty poems, with few exceptions lyrics of average brevity. Sometimes in the subjects he most often chooses — the little things of Nature, the pain and brevity of human life, the ever-present shadow of the grave, the joys of companionship, sustenance by faith, the poets and their art — his treatment becomes so objective that it is difficult to say whether or not the lyrical element is still present, whether the lyrics are not lyrics only in form.

Mr. Benson seldom essays narrative poetry, and such experiments as he has made in it seem to me to remain experiments. "Lord Vyet," which he has chosen to lead and give title to his verses collected in 1897, is an undistinguished poem, and its half-dozen fellow narratives among his poems are few of them more distinguished. "The Professor" might be called a narrative, as its sequence of lyrics sets forth episodes in the life of two people, suggesting, if not telling, a story. However, one lyric does not lead into another, and each, if it appeared independently, would stand by itself. The truth is that several did appear in Mr. Benson's earlier collections of verse and are here gathered together in a sequence and made to take part in revealing the timorous love of a self-doubtful recluse. "The Professor" is not a success, though there are among its lyrics of differing form several individual poems beautiful rhythmically and imaginatively. "Thomas Gray," the longest poem that Mr. Benson has published, is narrative only in form. Although it follows Gray's life, it follows it far from closely, and its interest springs from its critical exposition of Gray's character and not from its telling of his life. If Mr. Benson's narrative poetry were his all, I should not now be writing of him; for to me it seems no more than workmanlike verse.

It is as a meditative lyrist, as an elegiac, critical and descrip-

tive poet that Mr. Benson most attains. He is content to write of only those things he has lived, and his life, he tells us frankly, has been "uneventful and sheltered." His life has been lived largely in rural England and it is of the little things of a life lived in rural England that he most often writes. There is, of course, room for the great emotions in such a life, but Mr. Benson habitually — though there are exceptions — refuses to plumb the depths of human feeling, solacing himself with the contemplation of things that to many would seem trivial. But so, too, did Jane Austen refuse. Let all ready to depreciate the miniaturist of the commonplace remember her! A triviality of subject that can submerge the imagination and style of the true artist is as yet unrecorded. Fancy is more natural to the treatment of such subjects as Mr. Benson chooses than imagination, but to Mr. Benson imagination is not always denied. Always he is the artist, and back of the artist is a personality that colors his poetry; so that we cannot take it objectively alone, but must be interested in the man that is there. His personality is no dominant one, but it is distinct, clearly defined.

Very many of Mr. Benson's verses are of the little things of out-of-doors,—the "soft-thunder" of the bee's wings that cleans the dust from the floor over which it poises humming, the knapweed that the sheep have left uncropt, the toad that sallies out of the poet's larkspur at twilight, the mole that scores his sloping park, the carrier-pigeon that he shoots by mistake when it was hastening home with a message tied to its wing — in short, such things as Gilbert White loved. About these things Mr. Benson writes always with a keenness of observation that is almost scientifically precise, and at times with a whimsicality of affection that carries his verse over the borders of poetry into *vers de société*, as in his truthful, taking "Cat." Of course, larger themes inspire him — the silent bent shepherd of the downs, the leap of the spirit in the presence of dawn, the loneliness that strikes to the heart of the wayfarer on waste land by the sea, but his characteristic nature poem is a poem descriptive of little things. So keenly do little things appeal to him that even when his inspiration is large, as the inspiration of spring, he must belittle it in his expression of it by the use of dwindling symbols such as

the rose that "has hopes of being crowned," the foxglove that "dreams of purple bells," the brown seed that "bursts his armoured cap." In prose as well as in verse Mr. Benson owns this love of little things. In an essay on Marvell's poems Mr. Benson writes that he is drawn to Marvell by Marvell's love of the countryside that he loves. This that he writes of Marvell describes his own verse dealing with the little things of nature, as well as testifies to the sincerity of his love for these things: "The aspects of the country on which he dwells with deepest pleasure — and here lies the charm — are not of nature in her sublimer or more elated moods, but the gentler and more pastoral elements, that are apt to pass unnoticed at the time by all but the true lovers of the quiet countryside, and crowd in upon the mind when surfeited by the wilder glories of peak and precipice, or when tropical luxuriance side by side with tropical aridity blinds and depresses the sense." In "A Canticle of Common Things" and in a score of poems else, this same love of little things is revealed. Mr. Benson yearns for a simple life; he would live, had he his will, "In an old stone grange on a Yorkshire hill," with "a waft of heather over the hill," where he could see a breezy down over his tree-tops, among people he knew all. In such a home he would sit in winter-time by a clear fire and read some "good grave book" and write his verses "with careless speed." The poem from which I quote, "My Will," is Mr. Benson at his best.

Mr. Benson knows England well. He was born where Hampshire and Surrey and Berkshire meet, and he lived there until 1873 when his father, head-master at Wellington College since 1859, left Wellington for Lincoln. From Lincoln he went with his father, in 1877, to Truro in Cornwall. Meanwhile he had spent much time in Buckinghamshire while a schoolboy at Eton, and during his mastership there he got to know the neighboring counties. In 1881 he went from Eton to Cambridge, and in 1883 his father's appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury drew him to Surrey. Of Yorkshire stock on both sides, Mr. Benson has visited frequently among his kinsmen in the Ridings, and vacations have taken him to the Lake Country, Scotland, and Wales. London, of course, he knows, but not to love overmuch. Mr. Ben-

son's life has thus brought him in contact with many classes of English people and has familiarized him with all the typical aspects of the English countryside. He knows drained fenland in Lincolnshire and the valleys of Cornwall, Berkshire downs and Eton lawns, suburban Surrey and Yorkshire dales, Cambridge cloisters and Cumbrian fells. For a time his home was in that heart of England town of Winchester. His trips abroad, so far as his verses indicate, have taken him along the routes of the ordinary tours. Switzerland, Italy and France have left some slight impress on his verse, but it is in the main English—more than in the main English—English to the core, instinct with the spirit of that country life that all the cultivated world envies Englishmen. He loves English gardens, English lawns, English downs, English dales, but not—apparently—the sea. At least there is seldom in his record of the sea that sea-exultant spirit that seems the Englishman's by birthright. In this alone he fails to be typically English. All other parts of England that he writes about are England at her best, although it is generally only glimpses, not great views, that he allows us.

The poem most characteristic of Mr. Benson begins with a description of nature, seemingly for its own sake, and then shifts to the statement of a condition of human life to which the opening description stands in the relation of symbol. The beautiful poem that stands first in his "Poems" (1893) is typical. It is in blank verse and entitled "Fritillaries." It opens with the description of the poet's meeting with a countryman who is trying to sell snakehead blooms, which he had gathered in a croft near Easham over the Oxford downs. No one in the city had cared for the "rare outlandish things," but the poet, passing often, at last takes pity on the man and buys them —

withered, dry  
Faint-tinted, spotted like an ocelot's skin,  
Streaked like a banded viper, with their lean,  
Sleek stalks; uncanny, indeterminate.

The snakehead and their seller are likened to the poet who, too, brings

From his austere, unenvied reverie  
Strange growths



to an "indifferent world," or

Echoes of the eternal voice  
Half heard through April woodlands, sounds of wind  
And bubbling streams.

"But the world will none of these." Like the downman with  
his unsaleable blooms,

so the wistful poet is disowned,  
Draws back into himself and drowns his soul  
In some ethereal vision; to the sea  
He hears the streams grow larger, feels the day  
Shine purer, though uncleanly voices call,  
And though the funeral horns blow harsh and high,  
He sees the smile upon the face of God.

Sometimes from drawing such a parallel between the life of nature and the human life he turns to moral apostrophe in the last stanza, as in "In the Pinewood." He employs a like method at the end of "The Thistledown," but still earlier in the poem he had employed another form of his favorite principle of contrast. He opens an old book and finds a thistledown flattened out in it that he had imprisoned there ten years before on a railway journey. The recovery brings before him ten years ago; he contrasts his surroundings now and those, that time and this. Fortunately Mr. Benson sometimes leaves off the parallel, more often in the later poems than in the earlier ones. It is wanting altogether in "The Shepherd," "The Owl," "The Hawk," and it is only implied in "Hidden Life," where there is a fine parallel of a merely decorative kind. The comparison is of the earth shuddering "with a keen delight" as she nestles in "her robe of snow" to the swimmer who feels "the fresh luxurious chill" of the weir. These various manifestations of the habit of paralleling some description of nature to some phase of human life seems to be but an extension of a manner common in the sonnet, where octave and sestet stand in a kindred contrast. The danger of the habit is that the poem whose spirit the contrast is, may degenerate from lyric to epigram, and prolonged rather than pointed epigram at that. The habit has weakened many verses of Mr. Benson's that might have been right poetry.

Mr. Benson is fond of writing poetry on definite places,

which he sometimes names, and always particularly describes. Such are "Chalvey Stream," reminiscent in subject and in a manner of a more famous brook; "In the South," "In Exile," "Saint Luke's Summer," and the fine "My Will" that I have quoted from above. This last poem inevitably suggests Pope and Pomfret, among other eighteenth century writers of country homes, and that nineteenth century devotee to things Augustan, Mr. Austin Dobson. In his love of gardens and of their old fashioned flowers, a love antecedent to our modern garden craze, Mr. Benson recalls the eighteenth century, as he recalls it now and then by his diction. Again Mr. Benson is very modern. He has written several poems in which laws of science discovered only in our day give him his images. He has written verse on railways and railway journeying. Most notable of his attempts to conceive of a train as the subject for poetry is this, describing its passage at night through the country:

But best of all, when, in the sullen night,  
 Along the dim embankment hung in air,  
 Shoots the red streamer, linked with cheerful light:  
 The wide-flung furnace glare

Lights the dim hedges and the rolling steam:—  
 Then passes, and in narrowing distance dies,  
 Tracked by the watchful lanterns' gleam—  
 Two red, resentful eyes.

Another sort of poem that Mr. Benson writes may be represented by "Old Nests." He sees a "sodden crumbling nest" in a hedge-row and thinks of the birds that have built it and tended their young there, and how, if the old and young meet again, the latter may greet their sires "as strangers, even foes." Then comes the human application:

The nest is down: the dream is o'er:  
 Do we, too, love because we must?  
 Or shall the fruit our passion bore,  
 Be quickened, when the heart is dust?

Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Benson is saddened by the unchristian way of nature, as must be every man that sentimentalizes about nature. But what about his facts? Does the first repulse of family love come from young bird or from old? From the old,

say most observers, both to-day, and yesterday and the day before. So said Gilbert White, who was much interested in storage and antistorage. The real pathos lies in the human lament over selfishness. Mr. Benson himself recognizes that it is only for a moment that nature can bear "the aspect of unselfishness," and even at these altruistic moments it is only "the aspect of unselfishness," not unselfishness. Contrast these verses with Mr. Meredith's on shrike-butchered finch and hunted fox and learn that it is well that Nature is a "mother whom no cry can melt." Why should a healthy man such as Mr. Benson deplore the shamelessness of Nature, her "intolerant mirth."

The pain and the uncertainty and the brevity of life are a constant realization of Mr. Benson's, though this realization is unaccompanied by morbid thought. Yet is it not contrary to the way of nature that the grave should cast its shadow before a man in the noon of life? Certainly Mr. Benson was not kindled into poetry in his earlier years by thoughts of death, the undoer, save in a sonnet or two, most of his verse of such inspiration attaining to nothing higher than careful verse. In what are presumably poems written in later life, now collected in "Peace and Other Poems," such thoughts do truly inspire him. Death is nearer, in some moods near enough to startle, in others near enough to stir him to the depths. But I shall not dwell on these poems. They do not reveal him at his best, as poems of similar inspiration do Mr. A. E. Housman. Death, the reconciler, is to Mr. Benson a surer inspiration. Like Mr. Watson, Mr. Benson is seeking peace and rest, that peace and rest that both find in Wordsworth, whose infinite health is not only peace and rest, but never-failing refreshment to their drooping spirits. The rest they seek generally, however, is not his, the rest after labor, but the rest from labor, too often merely the rest that comes with freedom from pain and discontent. But in this last volume, "Peace and Other Poems," Mr. Benson is higher hearted, finding now a peace that is

Not dull content that comes when ardours cease,  
But peace divinely bright, unconquerable peace.

Death that brings rest and peace and reconciliation is, as I have said, a frequent inspiration of Mr. Benson's. So great is his

longing for rest that he can write, forgetting for a moment the faith by which he has lived:

Tho' the host that none can number  
Greet upon the joyful shore,  
I should be content to slumber  
Evermore.

I hate to quote lines so poor from Mr. Benson, especially as they bring to a close a fine poem, "In Eton Churchyard," but their sentiment, for the very reason that it is the obverse of that of many hymns, naturally falls into words that, poor in themselves, are hallowed by association with hymns held dear, and act, perhaps, to the poet's mind as a palliative to the unchurchly sentiment. Such lines weigh the close of the poem down to ordinary hymn level. It is such lapses as this that make me uncomfortably aware that Mr. Benson's poetry has some of the trivialities as well as much of the beauty of that life of the cathedral close of which it is an expression.

The mood that anticipates life after death is, of course, more common in his poetry than this that would be content with the mere snuffing of the candle. Such mood leads him to the hope—common and commonplace enough—that after the winter of death the soul will "awaken stronger" in the spring of "life again." To him, in this mood of reconciliation, a smile "ripples all the face of Death." What seems to me his finest passage inspired by death is recorded in the sonnet "Death". The picture is of the soul "dizzied with the din of death":

Then, in one glowing instant, that atones  
For woe and fear, made one with life and light,  
He watches, as he hangs in wondering ease,  
Poised in the dusk, the red earth with her seas  
And islands, snowy poles and sunlit zones,  
Thunder and heave and leap across the night.

It is but seldom that such passages occur in his definitely elegiac poems, where he infrequently rises above good workmanship and conventionally proper feeling.

Mr. Benson's verses whose subjects are companionship are of a higher order. The most charming of these is "To the Lady Kitty," verses that record the loss of sovereignty by a little girl

just grown out of a fascinating childhood and now restless and ill. As happy in their way are his dedications, to his father, to Mr. Edmund Gosse and to the Honorable Maurice Baring. There is here, as in so many of these poems of companionship, a frank recognition of dependence for a large share of happiness on intimates, a revelation of a nature that admits the need of close friends.

There are inevitably here and there references to Eton, where he was Master so many years, to its "grave shade august," its quiet gardens, its smooth lawns, its cloisters, its minster tower, but there are in all his poems that I have read but six with special reference to school. And of these, three were unwritten until he was deeply stirred by leaving the work he had followed so many years. Of the earlier three, one was suggested by a football game, the thought underlying another comes from translating Cæsar and the third is sprung of the weariness of the teacher when lessons end at twilight. Only in the last of these is the schoolmaster unmasked. But if there is but one direct revelation of Mr. Benson, the schoolmaster, there are many revelations of Mr. Benson the lover of things scholarly. It is in prose, however, in the story of "The Hill of Trouble" that he owns this love most charmingly. I cannot be wrong when I ask you to read "Mr. Benson" where Mr. Benson writes "he" in this passage I quote:

"He loved the quiet College life, the familiar talk with those he knew. He loved the great plenty of books and the discourse of simple and wise men. He loved the fresh bright hours of solitary work, the shady College garden, with its butts and meadows, bordered by ancient walks. He loved to sit at meat in the cool and spacious hall; and he loved, too, the dark, high-roofed College Church, and his own. . . . stall with the service-books in due order, the low music of the organ, and the sweet singing of the choir."

Like his fellow Wordsworthian, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Benson writes little love verse. Both perhaps consciously avoid the topic, although surely not for Wordsworth's reason. Mr. Benson has suggested his reason in "A Recantation:"

What was it held me back? The chilly fear  
That shrinks within itself, and dreads the touch  
Of those warm hands that make the world too near,  
And loved, alas, too much.



He states clearly that it is not asceticism that forbids this love, "Not the lone rapture of the aspiring saint," but an unconquerable disposition to hesitate, to count the cost. Love would make "the world too near, and loved, alas, too much." If he keeps down his feelings, refusing to allow them to control his acts, he doubtless likewise keeps down his feelings when he is composing his verse. Outside of "The Professor" there are scarcely ten poems out of all that I have seen that can be called love verse, and not one of these is passionate. Passion he would rigorously exclude from his life, he tells us in "The Professor." In this sequence are revelations of a love that hesitates, that keeps itself well in hand, only to find that when it does partly free itself for an ecstatic little while that it is not returned, that its seeming answer was provoked not by love, but half by her own dream, half by his fame, which she was proud to have laid at her feet. He is afraid of love, as he tells in "On the Hill," where he realizes that

they on earth of love afraid  
Are half afraid of heaven.

This is one of Mr. Benson's most certain poems, a poem that by its bare diction and restrained feeling takes place in memory with the love-verses of "A Shropshire Lad."

Mr. Benson has frankly confessed his need of the love of his fellows, just as he has frankly avoided passion. He is very outspoken in his love of God, although as he has grown older I think I notice a franker expression of doubt. But in his earlier verse that reverence, that belief in the righteousness of nature, that persists—though questioned—to the end, is almost never in question. To his first collection of verse, dedicated to his father (1893), he prefaces a statement of his attitude towards art and life. Here Mr. Benson reveals himself very evidently the son of that Archbishop of Canterbury who in our day has revealed the deepest religious temperament, owning that he "believes in Divine guidance even more than in human insight, in men even more than in man: if he has failed to indicate this, it is from his deficiency in the power of expression, more than from any want of deep conviction." All that Mr. Benson writes is writ-

ten reverently, and many verses in poems of nature and criticism end on a note of supplication. A large number of poems are devoted to expressing his religious feeling, and this alone. I think these are not among his best verses, as I think those nature verses are not that, after winning an appreciative reading for their loving description of nature, jar at the end by revealing that that description has been used only as a metaphor of some commonplace moral.

Mr. Benson owns,

I, like the brooding bird, was prest  
Warm and fond in a narrow nest,  
Sweetly bound in a simple round,  
Under the shadow of mellow towers.

Born to the cathedral close he has remained its poet, truly his father's son —

Your son who loves his childhood's creed  
Because you loved it, made it dear.

Once it was not only because his father loved it, but because his faith was sure. He tells the dragon-fly —

One hath made thee and one shall save;  
Dream in the sunlight and ask no more.

Though such unquestioning faith must inevitably become questioning, Mr. Benson still holds to a creed whose orthodoxy only the most critical may find at fault. At the close of his essay on Henry More, the Platonist, he wrote: "To gain a true standard; to trace the permanent elements; to fight the darkness at every inch: this is to live life at the uttermost. . . . To live in the world and not be of it. . . . this is the secret of the light that emanates from but is not confined to heaven." These are the ideals he lives by — these the ideals of his verse.

I have said that Mr. Benson's attitude is always reverent, towards nature, towards life, towards God. It is as reverent towards his art and the masters of his art. How reverent it is and how nearly at one artistic feeling is with religious feeling is instanced in "The Artist in Church," where the poet prays Lord Christ —

For us with our awakened eyes,  
 With skilled and careful hands,  
 Who harvest from the sunset skies  
 A sense of gracious mysteries,  
 Thou hast no dear commands?

Realism in life and realism in art are equally repugnant to him. He "deems that knowledge bitter sweet, Can rust and rot the bars of right," and that "When faith and virtue falter, truth Is handmaid to the hags of night." He demands that the poet

Shall be great, and something more than great,  
 But human first: and nought of human known  
 Shall slip unnoted from his meshes thrown  
 With weary hand in secret seas of fate.

Mr. Benson, whom here again I must liken to Mr. Watson, has written much about the English poets, and this critical verse is of high quality, as is his critical prose, notably his *Life of Edward FitzGerald*. Very many of the poets he interprets were very eccentric, if not partly mad. He seems drawn to strange natures. In the preface to his "Essays" (1896) which reveal his creed of living and his preferences in literature, if not his personality, more fully than do his poems, he writes: "Mystery, unexplicable reticence, haughty austerity, have a fascination in life and in literature, that is sometimes denied to sanguine strength and easy volubility." Yet Mr. Benson is strongly denunciatory of morbidity. "I am well aware," he writes, "that vitality and majesty are the primary qualities to demand both in life and literature. I have nothing but rebellious horror for the view that languor, if only it be subtle and serpentine, is in itself admirable."

It may be that it is "mystery, inexplicable reticence, haughty austerity" that attract Mr. Benson to Omar Khayyam, FitzGerald, Keats, Coleridge, Cowper, Gray, Collins, Dean Swift — whom he has criticized in verse — but these were certainly not the qualities that impelled him to study Gilbert White, but that loving particularity that so distinguished the curate of Selborne, and so distinguishes Mr. Benson himself. With interest no less keen than White's, Mr. Benson has watched "beside the hanger's foot, The quivering kestrel hung aloft the skies;" he has haunted

Gray's haunts, and sought Chichester, not so much for its minster tower and red roofs as for its associations with Collins. Collins and Gray have occupied much of Mr. Benson's attention. Gray has inspired him to a prose essay, a sonnet and a long blank verse monologue, and Collins to one lyric which is long enough to reveal those powers that never reached full power. There is perhaps no single phrase in this poem that characterizes Collins' poetry as Mr. Watson's "lonely vesper chime" characterizes it, but the poet is more adequately interpreted. Collins' historical position is thus distinctly put —

Thine was the pain that startled eyes to see  
The larger range of undiscovered art,  
Though the blind world in critic mockery  
Curbed the fierce beat of thy prophetic heart.

Cowper is addressed as "Poet of home, green walks and fireside ease;" Coleridge's "royal messages" seems to him to "have streamed to waste" and to have left Coleridge

as on barren sands  
The mouldering porch of ancient kings  
In gorgeous desolation stands,  
And points to far and fallen things.

It will be noticed that Mr. Benson is interested in the man as well as in the artist in these poets he ponders on. It is a part of his philosophy so to consider them and he deprecates the "feverish tendency at the present day among the writers to be artist first, and man afterwards with such shreds of time as are left."

Mr. Benson knows well the usually read classical writers. Homer he mentions, as should be, with reverence; Vergil, with fellow-feeling; and to Catullus and Propertius he refers with admiration, though none of their "unchastened fire" warm his own writings. It is Mr. Benson's temperament and his sacerdotal environment that have given his poetry its reserve and restraint, classical qualities, but undoubtedly he owes something of the clearness of outline of his poems to the classics. Of English poets, it is with those least romantic in form that Mr. Benson is in sympathy. Collins, Gray, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Arnold, he quotes frequently; and although I notice but one re-

ference to "Ionicus," I sometimes feel that this true poet William (Johnson) Cory, who preceeded Mr. Benson as Eton boy, King's College Scholar at Cambridge and master at Eton, has left some impress on his successor.

About his art Mr. Benson has written much, as I said before, and about his own attempts in that art he has also written. In his "Essays" he puts himself by implication among the class for whom he there writes, "not very large or important perhaps, haunted by a native instinct for literature, a relish for fine phrases, a hankering for style—to whom the manner of saying a thing is as important, or more important, than the matter." "Vespers" and "Winter Harvests" and "Waste" are poems on which he writes finely of his art. Of his own performance he has written modestly indeed. He "tunes" and "turns" his "careful note;" his verse is but a "thin harvest of laborious days:"

I can sing as sings the prudent bee,  
As hour by patient hour he goes and comes,  
Bearing the golden dust from tree to tree,  
Labours in hope, and as he labours hums,—

disclaiming the possession of anything of the song of nightingale, thrush, dove or owl. His conscientious craftsmanship, his careful hoarding of every poetical conception that visits him, he records in "Utterance," lamenting that even with all his effort he cannot "frame a music of his own." In the moods in which such lines are written he is hardly just to himself. There is some accent of the dove-note in his poetry and the lines he writes to the dove may be appropriated to his own "soft lay of intimate delight, Of rapturous solitude, and gracious love."

I have written very little of the verse-forms that Mr. Benson chooses. His sonnets, of which there are many, are of very unequal execution. He is very fond of the stanzas in which Gray wrote his "Elegy," and of a variation of this form in which the accents in the fourth line are reduced from the usual five to three and frequent trochaic license permitted in the first foot of each line. The octosyllabic four line stanza with alternate rhymes is another form that he often uses. When he attempts song forms he is not markedly successful in technique, but in



almost all the authoritative forms of English poetry he is thoroughly at ease.

Few of Mr. Benson's verses are very notable, few are failures, a very large number belong to poetry. Few of his lines are very bad and correspondingly few are great. I carry in memory

The phantom moon half-hearted climbs  
Above the ploughlands, large and low;

and

Left to herself, how musical of mood  
The world's old heart, beside her chosen shore;

and the lines I quoted before —

And they on earth of love afraid  
Are half afraid of heaven;

and

Long is delight and short the hour of woe;

and but few more. Yet I remember the thought of a number of his verses, and of them the first that comes to me when I think of Mr. Benson is "My Will," recording that dream of the ideal home that all men dream, and that reality of the home that all men find in the grave. In the preface to the "Poems" of 1893 Mr. Benson claimed that he had tried, "with his eye on life, to present certain aspects of men and nature that have come home to him with force in an uneventful and sheltered existence. The poems make no claim to be a coherent philosophy; they are merely an individual expression of a little share in the great inheritance of life." What he would have them he feels that they are not, but he must recognize that he has presented his "little share" with dignity and charm.

His five volumes of verse show no consistent development in his art though they show that their author has developed as man. "Lyrics," (1895) like so many second books, is not as a whole on so high a level as "Poems" (1893); "Lord Vyet" (1897) is up to the level of "Poems;" but "The Professor" (1900) again marks a depression. "Peace and Other Poems" (1905) is of finer metal, its title-poem ringing sterling true. Mr. Benson is not a man to whom we may look for better work in verse than he has done, but there is every reason to believe that he will continue to write finely. The poem that opens his first vol-

ume, "Fritillaries," gives you a definite sense of Mr. Benson's quality and with me that impression remains even now as I read his verses as they appear in the magazines. "Fritillaries" is not only indicative of the kind of verses Mr. Benson writes most frequently, nature description ending with the comparison "and as this thing in nature so this habit in man," but it indicates as well something of the characteristics of the poet. It is a sensitive, shy nature that he bares in his verses; his attitude toward life is wistful; he has himself written himself down as "the wistful poet;" wistful, kind, reverent, heartful of interest in little things—such seems to me the poet that has given us these verses. His style in presenting the "uneventful and sheltered life" of England's countryside is simple, sometimes simple to austerity, at other times simple with the simplicity of country things. It suggests now the cloister, now the lawns of home. In the cathedral close cloister looks out on home and home on cloister. Mr. Benson is the poet of the cathedral close, a place nearest England's heart. Since the close lies in the shadow of the cathedral, the cathedral's romantic beauties of color and form are constantly before him that lives in the close. We wonder, then, that he does not go further and sing us the organ music of cathedral service, and paint us the cathedral's old beauty in the sunset glow, its rose-grey walls and windows of mellowed crimson and rich green. We wonder that the mysticism that seeks so wistful an expression in his essays and tales, the mysticism that the symbols of mediæval religion must suggest, has found so little expression in his verses. For the romantic and mystical are as present to the cathedral close as are the ascetic and simple.

NOTE.—I am not concerned here with Mr. Benson's prose save as it bears upon his poetry, but it may be interesting to some to have a complete list of his books. Besides the five volumes of poems noted he has published "Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton," 1886; "Archbishop Laud; A Study," 1887; "Men of Might" (with H. F. Latham), 1890; "Essays," 1896; "The Life of Edward White Benson," 1899; "Fasti Etonenses," 1899; "The Schoolmaster," 1902 (one of the sanest and most helpful pedagogic books); "The Hill of Trouble," 1903 (mystical

short tales); "Tennyson," 1904 ("Little Biographies" Series); "Rossetti," 1904 (English Men of Letters Series) and "The Isles of Sunset," 1904 (a second collection of mystical tales). There have recently appeared his "Walter Pater" in "The English Men of Letters Series," and "From a College Window," a series of moralizing essays that have just finished running in *The Cornhill*; and there is announced the biography of Queen Victoria, on which he is working with Lord Esher. Mr. Benson is not to be confused with his two brothers, both novelists — Mr. E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo" and "The Relentless City," and Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, the author of "The King's Achievement," whose conversion from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic Church brought forth a number of misleading paragraphs in American newspapers two years ago. Mr. R. H. Benson is now a Catholic priest.

How high the esteem in which Mr. A. C. Benson was held as teacher at Eton is shown by the following sonnet in the London *Spectator* of December 5, 1903:

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

*Etonia Discendenti*

Friend, "he shall reign who wonders," is it so?  
Then you have made us kings, who thrilled to hear  
Your golden legends, as you brought so near  
The shadowy past, and left our hearts aglow.  
And all, to whom you gave the wish to know  
Realms undivined, because you held them dear,  
Quickened to love and trust and persevere,  
Would thank you once to-day before you go.  
And yet because your every thought was kind,  
And you, alike to age and youth allied,  
Believed the good to which our eyes were blind,  
Inspired the peace our petty lives belied,  
Friend of the liberal and the loving mind,  
'Tis only we that pass, but you abide.

*Etonæ, Fundatoris die natali.*

He is now Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he lectures on "Modern English Poetry."

CORNELIUS WEYGANDT.

The University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

## PALESTRINA, PIUS, AND PLAIN-SONG \*

The evolution of Plain-Song from pre-Christian times, with special reference to the late edict of Pius X, and its probable effect upon the musical life of the Church, covers an almost overwhelming avalanche of historical events which can only be very briefly (and in a reprehensively sketchy manner) brought to your remembrance.

"A good life hath but few days," and digging into the past is like listening for yesterday's echo, apt to make a man a dull dog. Frankly, I should rather be branded with the odium of originality than crushed with the curse of chronology, but *nolens volens* (and with many forebodings for your comfort) I must ask you to hurry back with me through the dead centuries; over the graves of the Druids and over the wreck of Rome; to the first dawn; to those early streaks when in its long garment lay the whole world; before the day when Phra the Phœnician crept between the Pillars of Hercules, "or ever the chimneys in Sion were hot."

Most carefully have I examined the historical claims made by the champions of so-called Gregorian music. With no little weariness of the flesh have I read all the arguments (and weighed the evidence) contained in the numerous publications of the Plain-Song and Mediæval Society, and the propaganda of the Gregorian Association. For a quarter of a century have I been on the fighting line of Gregory's army, and to-night I shall give you the result. But you say, "you are biased!" I think I am. Hear briefly the evidence, and decide.

As a singing boy, my earliest recollections happily revolve round a daily Gregorian service, which was all my musical life and very dear to me. From my youth up have I lived in the Gregorian atmosphere; sitting at the feet of the men whose names are writ large in the Gregorian galaxy. Then to Rome, the *alma mater* of the cult, where one bathes in it and loves its ruggedness, its antiquity, nay, its very ugliness, if you will, just as one loves

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\* From an address before the New York Church Club, 1905.

the yellow old Tiber and every gaping hole in the ruined Coliseum. All of which time my sympathies were entirely with it, while my reason cried out strongly against it.

Now for the subject:

Plain-Song—What is it? Who made it? Whence came it? Upon what grounds, ecclesiastical, historical, or logical, is it entitled to our consideration, and how is it adapted to our artistic needs to-day? There are eighteen definitions of the word, more or less pedantic and plausible, none of which I shall inflict upon you; for I alone have discovered what I believe to be the real inward meaning, which has hitherto escaped the notice of the most learned commentators. Like all really great discoveries, it is so simple that you will wonder why it was never thought of ages ago. Instead of consulting the *Magister Choralis*, Riemann and Naumann, and Finkel and Lambilotte; Helmore and Martini; Menestrier and Dom Pothier and the rest, I simply went to the dictionary under my nose, and Eureka! I found it! Plain-Song — double word. Plain — artless, homely. Song — that which is sung; a mere trifle; an object of derision. So that Plain-Song may be diagnosed in the vernacular as a homely object of derision. This squares with the quaint sentiment of Ambrose, who described it as a penance for the ear; a sort of flagellation of the flesh, made at a time when all beauty was supposed to emanate from the Evil One.

Whence came Plain-Song — this alleged holy music which its devotees (leaning with their elbows on the meat) protest is almost divine in its origin? They protest too much; for the more we search, the more we marvel at the matchless impudence of the claim, and we come to agree with the old college professor who said he never ceased to admire most in the human mind its stupendous capacity for resisting knowledge!

Now with the glory of Phinehas (the Son of Eleazar), who stood up with a good courage, I protest, and (protesting) challenge historic contradiction. This music came from and was an integral part of what? think you? — the drunken revels, held by the ancient Greeks, in the Dionysiac festivals in honor of Bacchus, the God of Wine! There is no possible room for doubt about it. The historical continuity is flawless. These Grecian festivals were



celebrated with choric dances. There was (at first) some kind of musical accompaniment, and (later) singing by the *choreutae* in hymns called dithyrambs, reciting the praises of Dionysus or the exploits of Bacchus, when fifty members of the chorus sang, performing round the altar to the deity the evolutions which constituted the cyclic dance.

In the sixth century before the Christian era, Thespis made a further innovation. Elevated upon the steps of the altar he interspersed the hymns with monologues of a dramatic character from which grew the cantata of the seventeenth century and the melodramas of the eighteenth century. This melodrama was spoken with musical accompaniment. Subsequent poets (among whom Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were pre-eminent) extended the form by introducing two (and afterwards three) persons in musical conversation, and thus obtained a greatly widened scope for the display of the emotions of each. In due time, the number of the chorus was reduced from fifty to fifteen, but their original choric dances (from whence etymologists derived their name) were never separated from their singing; and the orchestrics (or motions of the dance) gave the name of orchestra to that space in the theatre (below the stage) wherein the altar stood and the chorus preformed their hymns and evolutions.

Not only were these dithyrambs sung in chorus alternately by men and boys, but the monologues of Thespis and his pupil Phrynicus and the dialogues of the mature poets were chanted or intoned throughout accompanied on an instrument. The music was so far free, as to afford them the utmost power of impressive declamation. It was tuneful and rhythmical, and constructed upon the modes (says Macfarren) afterwards adopted in the Christian Church. My friends have curiously mistaken the heathen bacchanal of the rabble, for the holy light of Christian art. It has also occurred to the writer (though foreign to our subject) that the odd steps of a crucifer which one occasionally notices, may be a survival of these Bacchic feasts when the singers regulated their steps according to the halting rhythm of the dithyramb. This was so in the time of the Pharaohs. So much for the sacred origin of the unworthily historicized grub

which was fore-ordained solely to eventuate into the beautiful butterfly music.

For though no fluttering fan be heard,  
The Lord shall winnow the Lord's preferred.

Upon what is the whole fabric of plain-song built? What is its syllabarium? Of what primitive syllables is this Gregorian language made up? Its followers will tell you with bated breath, that it is founded upon the very earliest scales known to man and that it remains to-day exactly as it was thousands of years ago, and it is much to be revered therefor. "'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Now as to the authenticity of these "holy" tones. The early history of plain-song is a wild goose chase in a land of impossible pot hooks and hangers; a study in indecipherable hieroglyphics. Nivers calls them "crows' feet;" Ambrose "nails and horse-shoes;" Guido d' Arezzo refers to them as "like drawing water out of a well without a rope, pursuing a shadow, and following after the wind." Nothing but signs, points, hooks, strokes, and flourishes to guide the voice. Out of these prosodiai grew the ecclesiastical pneumata or "pneuma;" "sound or breath," of which the reputed author was a monk of the fourth century, St. Ephraim.

Let us refer for correct information to the books issued under the imprimatur of the Plain-Song and Mediæval Society. Wyatt says guardedly, "the evidence of their authenticity is rather scarce" (he forgets to submit any). Helmore says we have little historical information as to it. From "Recent Researches in Plain-Song" I gather the only grounds for believing that we possess the original melodies must be something quite apart from the earliest documentary evidence. Boethius says: "Up to the eleventh century, there was no notation which expressed either the real music of the chant or the time in which it should be sung; the result has been endless confusion to the student.

Dr. Riemann (in "Les Origines du chant liturgique") says: "The traditions respecting Gregorians have of late been widely disturbed by Gevaert, who (for strong reasons) refuses to accept the role assigned to Gregory by tradition. The Ambrosian

chant is one of the most enigmatical chapters in the history of music, for we really know nothing about it."

Crely says that in the seventh century two hundred years after the Pontiff's death nothing certain was known of the music founded on the modes of Gregory, because the pneumata were only helps, and shewed not the actual music. It is impossible to say what the melodies based on the Ambrosian scales were like, because none have been preserved (or, at least, yet discovered).

Niedermeyer, founder of the School of Sacred Music of Paris, writing of the chant previous to Palestrina, speaks thus:

"Such anarchy, such total lack of foundation, of object, procedure, and unity! Tossed about between empiricism and absolutism, a veritable musical Babel of these pretended theorists of the past. Systems brought to light from the dust of libraries, old pedagogues who submit the ecclesiastical chant in a way indefinable, uncertain, variable, uncouth."

D'Ortigue (when about to write his "Dictionnaire du plain chant," not being quite clear himself as to the authenticity) called for essays from the authority, Danjon, and a still more widely known theorist. His summing up of the matter follows: "I am not, perhaps, justified in sharing their opinions, as not only did they not agree with me, but they did not even agree with each other."

Hear the Church. The Holy See has put out two authorized editions—in 1870 and 1904. They radically differ; neither do they agree with the use of Ratisbon, which differs from the Benedictine use at Solesmes; which differs from the liturgical use of Valfray (used in Paris); which differs from the use of Reims and Cambrai; which differs from the use of Rennes and of Digne!

All this evidence, mark you, is culled *verbatim et literatim* from the writings of professed Gregorianists who asseverate that authentic antiquity is the principal argument for the retention of these "clods of pitch, and heaps of ashes," of which "the flame is gone, and the smoke only remains". Believe me, they are nothing more in the divine progress than gnats and other annoying insects which, devoured by birds, are ultimately converted into the music of the thrush and winged choristers.

They tell us, quite forgetting that we are the descendants of Eve who preferred her husband to an angel, that we ought to love plain-song: (1) because of its simplicity; (2) because of its gravity; and (3) because of its beauty.

Well, let us see. Because of its "simplicity." First, the student must learn to distinguish the twenty-eight signs for the system!

In tracing back the early scales of various nations it is curious to discover how each nation gave characteristic nick-names to each note — *e. g.* the Chinese called their first scale "the law", and its five notes were called, (1) "emperor" (2) "prime minister" (3) "loyal subject" (4) "affairs of state" (5) "mirror of the world."

The first recorded scale of the Arabs had to do with implements for the nomad pitching and striking of tents — *e. g.* (1) "long rope" (2) "short rope" (3) "stake" (4) "peg".

But, back to the simplicity of this plain-song, and let me tell you (on the judgment of a man brought up in the thing) that merely to learn to sing these various neumes passably well would involve of an accomplished vocalist two years of constant study! Helmore says, "It is a common mistake to assume that the average choir can sing Gregorians well. They are much more difficult than ordinary music."

Upon inquiry at the Vatican what was the shortest time in which an earnest seminarian could acquire sufficient knowledge of the cantatas to sing properly all the ritual music of the Roman offices, I was told, with a weary smile, "perhaps in seven years" — the same length of time which Jacob served for Rachel, and then also found he had not got what he wanted. The antiphones alone of the melodies number over one thousand! and as to the correct use for each, well, you can take your choice of over fifty-seven varieties.

Now as to its beauty. Well, beauty is a matter of taste. You remember Lamb's enquiry when he was giving a dinner party, and not remembering a suitable grace, asked, Is there a clergyman present? and on receiving no reply ejaculated fervently, "Thank God." Don't misunderstand me, I beg of you. I have no sympathy with those cavillers who malign the clergy.

On the contrary, I do not believe they begin to do the harm they might.

Because of its "gravity." By far the greater part of the music is made up of ornamental grace notes, roulades and trills. They are to be sung very slowly, but there they are — *e. g.*, "The twenty-eighth sign, the quilisma [I quote Helmore] is a tremolo, vibration or shake. It must be executed with a vibratory voice like the sound of the horn or trumpet. The French singers," he adds, "in the time of Charlemagne had the greatest difficulty in the execution of this, for they, with their naturally rough voices, were unable to execute the graceful tremolo this sign required."

Saint Ambrose (374) was the first to join instruments of music with the voices in the public services of the Cathedral of Milan. He also introduced antiphonal singing, after the model of Basil, Bishop of Neo Cesarea, who had followed the custom in the east of Ignatius, who was appointed bishop of Antioch by the Apostles Peter and Paul. This you see traces antiphonal singing back to the time of Christ. Ambrose first arranged the four scales for ecclesiastical music and wrote hymns in the iambic dimeter. Here we have the egg from which evolved in due time the three dimensioned Gregorian bird. The Ambrosian hymn, "Te Deum," was not written until a hundred years after the death of its reputed author.

Two hundred years elapsed between Saints Ambrose and Gregory, during which (according to St. Isidore, Archbishop of Seville) the chants became greatly corrupted. Gregory the Great (540) is responsible, to my mind, for the devolution (going backwards) of church music. Originally a good man, he afterwards, however, became a lawyer; then monk; and eventually, Pope. All his life he suffered from gout (I always think of this when I hear his alleged music), and in the church of St. Peter, says John the Deacon (three hundred years later), are still shown the couch on which he reposed when giving his lessons, and the whip with which he impinged the Gregorian use upon the little singing boys.

There is not a scintilla of evidence that he composed any music. But he gathered round him in the *Schola Cantorum*,



which he founded, a staff of choirmasters who put together the notes which the Holy Father unconsciously cerebrated. Here we have the first recorded victim of this unhappy clerical ailment. Annexing all the tunes which met the æsthetical requirements of the artistic taste of the sixth century he collated them into a book, called the "Antiphones," which his disciple, John the Deacon, speaks of as a "Cento." ["Cento" I find to be a Low Latin word meaning "patchwork."] This codex or antiphonarium he chained up to the altar of St. Peter's. At first blush, this chaining up may seem to have been a humane action on the part of the original unconscious cerebrator; but (in the inexorable logic of facts) history has proved the contrary.

The founder of Gregorians is always connected in my psychologically irreverent mind with Mr. John Hetherington, also a benefactor, after his kind. It was Mr. John Hetherington, you know, who one hundred and more years ago, invented the silk hat; but instead of getting a halo (like Gregory), the records of the time tell us he was charged with a breach of the peace and inciting to riot by wearing a tall structure having a shiny lustre, calculated to frighten timid people.

History for one thousand years after Gregory is a recitation of constantly recurring attempts to escape from the thralldom of the old tortuous labyrinths of theology, and the measured malice of these fettered melodies. I cannot forget, and it makes me angry to remember, that (thanks to the ever watchful Roman divinity, the divinity "which doth shape our ends rough hew them how we will") in the sixteenth century, Christian music had only achieved one-half of what the other arts had accomplished. It made more progress in fifty years after Luther had hurled at the mass (in his usual hard hitting manner) the strenuous epithets, "antics of monkeys, braying of asses," than it had made in the one thousand previous years.

Pope after Pope has bulled; canon after canon has volleyed and thundered and straightway hoist those religious scarecrows heresy and schism at every attempt of persecuted music to find the haven where she would be. Why, people outgrew

Gregorians only two hundred years after Gregory's death! For we find Leo IV writing to the Abbot Honoratus in this episcopal manner: "There is something quite incredible, the sound of which has reached our ears; a thing which (if true) tends rather to diminish our consideration than to give it lustre. It appears, in short, that you feel nothing but aversion for the beautiful chant of St. Gregory, and for the manner of saying and reading taught by him, so that you are in disagreement with the Holy See;" and there follows the usual suggestion for retraction, under pain of excommunication.

The whip of Gregory the Great has successively given place to the Bulls of Leo IV, Hadrian I, John XXIII, Stephen X, Gregory XIII, Pius IV, V, IX, and X. All as infallibly impotent to stem the torrents of artistic progress, as was the command of Canute to the waves, "so far and no farther."

Passing on to the eleventh century — the era of the Gothic art in architecture, the era that gave birth to the "Divine Comedy" of Dante and the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the era when music again attempted to free herself from her bonds — we come to Palestrina.

Palestrina was called in "to purge the Roman music of barbarisms by Gregory XIII after the Council of Trent which was called (as you know three hundred and fifty years ago) at the instigation of a handful of disagreeable people who thought "the music was becoming too attractive" and wanted to abolish all that was beautiful and return to the pedantic artificiality of plain chant. The famous Tridentine Council (all honour to it) decided that artistic music was not to be banished (and plain-song, *per se*, used to its exclusion. It is popularly and erroneously held that Palestrina composed a mass so beautiful that it led to the decision. As a matter of fact, Palestrina was not in evidence until after the Council's decreta.

Lacking the longevity of Methuselah, he did not live long enough to do much "purging" — which consisted largely of the expurgation of the words of secular ballads which (with a superfluity of naughtiness) had been interpolated in the mass — but he did live long enough to be dismissed by His Holiness, and also to publish masses in which the fundamental melodies were

borrowed from secular songs. He did not very materially alter the music, because neither he, nor you, nor anyone else could possibly tell what was original and what had been (from year to year) orally interpolated.

The recent bull of the present Pontiff (with a perverse constraint of logic or of sentimentality) is not only an egregious artistic blunder, but a veritable anomaly; for in one and the same breath, he asks for a return of the artistic music of the Palestrinian School, and a restoration of the plain chant as it was before Palestrina and his successors had purged it. The rest of the edict is only a replica of former equally ineffective bulls, and the Holy Father's condemnation of "vain repetitions" is no newer than the Sermon on the Mount.

Plain-Song is simply a landmark in the onward march of melody, for music (like the waves of the sea, advancing here, receding there) is ever moving on. The lozenged shaped neumes of the over-rated Saint Gregory bear the same affinity to the art of God-given music of the present year of grace, as the pot hooks and hangers of our youthful attempts at writing to the finished style of our developed years.

I have no patience with the melancholy meanderings of this Gregorian leviathan which has dragged its lugubrious length across the dead epochs of pagan and philistine progress with groanings that cannot be uttered, eternally mourning (like a pre-adamite turtle dove) the loss of its mates, the cetiosaurus and the dodo. I know it's unique. So is the three-toed horse of the miocene period, and the megatherium, and the bat with thumbs in its hind feet. Of what use are the spits that cooked for Chaucer? Must we commit parricide, because the Scythians ate their grandfathers? Are we bound to adopt for a three-day and three-night rest cure the floating sanitarium somewhat hastily selected by Jonah? As the witty editor of the *Sun* says, "The point of view changes. If Solomon were living now, pursuing the career with which his name is associated, he would have no standing in respectable society." Why struggle to perpetuate the nativity of Adam? Why parade these fossilized relics of Noah's Ark — these lame-gaited shadows; these Gregorian skeletons with disanimated members, grotesque, convoluted,

distorted, co-twisted ghosts that cannot forget they are ghosts — shades of all that is antiquated and untenable in the early gropings for light? I have been taught that animals alone are stationary and that man is progressive. How dare this coterie of fourth century carpers — these poets of a maimed lute — how dare they lay their little fingers upon the spokes of the Great Wheel, and pretend that the dark ages of art's blankest inanity (suited well enough the chaos of human mind untamed) is the Alpha and Omega of the Great Artist (I speak reverently), God? Rather, I would beg them of their charity to take us back farther; back to the dark, the utter dark; back to the long sleep before the winds were made; back to that oldest of all things, Silence!

Most of the Gregorian *raison d'être* rests on tradition, which (if followed up) proves to be myth, fairy story with an occasional sub-stratum of fact, which (if examined) proves, in nine cases out of ten, to have happened indeed, but to somebody or something else, quite foreign to the subject. While, of course, there is no intention of misstating legendary happenings, they are often given a *soi-disant* Gregorian coloring, which seductively leads to a wrong inference.

Names, whose sense we see not,  
Fray us with the things that be not.

Time, the vehicle which carries everything into nothing, will eventually settle the Gregorian question. There is no doubt that the final estimate of beauty in music must always rest upon the evidence of the feelings, and our ears are attuned to more subtle sensations than our forbears wotted of. If Mathew Arnold is right, that "religion is morality touched by emotion," music must have a personal color, and men have striven for it ever since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut.

We are children of a different era than the age during which the Gregorian song was created. Art has emerged from its swaddling bands, a new and happier spirit has evolved, and the people's song has nothing now in common with the *cantus gregorianus*. With the advent of Luther (who was not so much anti-catholic, as a free interpreter of accepted dogma) the desire

arose to be no longer bound by the rites and ceremonies and mathematical music of a bygone generation. Thus the first Roman basilica, the chief feature of which was its prominent horizontal line, gradually became so altered as to be finally capped with towers, which, in their turn, were surmounted with the cross pointing heavenwards. Everything developed a growing upward tendency, preparing the way for the Gothic style. The sturdy old reformer, who not only played the organ, flute and lute, but sang tenor or alto and occasionally all the parts, where, as often happened, he was solo, chorus, and orchestra, dealt a crushing blow to church music in its archaic form. Under him it acquired a new and very distinctive protestant character; it became a living medium, and if we take the music of the day, and compare it with the productions of the Middle Ages, we recognize two different arts, poles asunder. Not only are the superstructures quite distinct, but the very foundations upon which they are erected are of a different nature and mutually exclusive of each other.

An analogous case may be seen in the study of architecture. What can be more dissimilar than Norman and advanced Gothic? Yet we know that the latter is a development of the former, and the gradual change from one to the other can be clearly traced through the transition period.

The material from which music is constructed is the scale. For any given composition this must be of a definite nature, *i.e.* the tones and semi-tones of which it is formed must be found in certain fixed places; they are as permanent and unvarying for the time being as a proposition in Euclid. The explanation of the difference in effect between ancient and modern music lies in the fact that they are constructed upon different foundations. The scales of ancient music are now obsolete, therefore it must follow that the music formed from them is (for all practical purposes) also obsolete.

This then is the logical conclusion of the whole matter. My last word is a word of warning. He who gave the music of the past gives also the music of the present. To refuse it, I should be false to my creed, falser to my trust, falsest to my art.



I dare not appear in the land of all music and say "Lord, here is thy one pound!" I dare not. Believe me, there are no hereditary claims in art, and, my masters, there is no clamor from the past — the graves are silent. Could the Holy Father, Gregory, and pious Ambrose appear before you to-night, they would say, "Benedicite, my children; we did what we could with the tools of our time. Go on, upward, with your larger knowledge, your harps and flutes, with all the glory of your enriched art; up to the blue sky with its lamps of stars, leaving us and our gropings to the blackness of the desert of death, and the grimness of the Pyramids."

Has earth's last picture been painted?  
Are our tubes all twisted and dried?  
Have our brightest colors all faded  
Has the youngest critic died?

Nay!

Let us each for the joy of the working,  
And each in his separate star,  
Still draw the thing as we see it,  
For the God of things as they are.

LACEY BAKER.

Calvary Church, New York City.

#### ADDENDUM

The appended letter in comment explains itself:

183 COLUMBIA HEIGHTS,  
Brooklyn, June 21, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR:

I suppose I am indebted to you for a copy of the *Living Church*, containing an all-too-short synopsis of remarks made by you, before the N.Y. "Church Club," *in re* "Gregorian song."

I might close this letter here — by saying, "Amen, and Amen!" to your every word.

However, I wish to say a little more. I am truly delighted to find some one who has the courage (and common sense) to

stand up and tell the absolute truth. This more especially where an ecclesiastical "fad" probably prevails.

I have done some polemical writing in days gone by. It is now up to the younger men of America to do the same — Pope, or no Pope!

I think your article should be wider spread — in other papers, perhaps amplifying the same. Keep on — the modern world is certainly with you. We cannot go back to stage-coaches or horseback travel.

Very truly yours,

DUDLEY BUCK.

MR. LACEY BAKER.

## PORFIRIO DIAZ

On the first of December, 1904, General Porfirio Diaz took the oath of office as Constitutional President of Mexico for the seventh time, having been popularly elected to that high office for a term of six years. He was then seventy-four years of age, and by virtue of what he had accomplished in Mexico since 1876 when he first reached the Presidency (not by popular election but as the military leader of a successful revolution), he may be regarded as one of the greatest men of the age. And whether his active participation in public life be continued until the close of the term upon which he has entered, or whether he decides to withdraw from the active control of public affairs in Mexico, his high place among the great men of the age is well assured. His greatness is enhanced by having been achieved in a Spanish-American country where conditions are not generally present for the development of such characters as his. It is due to the same cause that it is not fully appreciated by Anglo-Saxons. For so different are the institutions of Spanish-American countries from those to which the Anglo-Saxon is accustomed, that the latter has no little difficulty in understanding the history of the Spanish-American country and makes little effort to overcome the difficulty. He is content to ignore great events which occur in such a country; and the lives of great men who develop there are to him as though they belonged to another world.

It is impossible to appreciate the life and character of Porfirio Diaz without knowing the history of Mexico in the nineteenth century. That century has been especially eventful in Mexico, and of Mexican history throughout the past fifty years Porfirio Diaz has been an important part. He was born in the city of Oaxaca, the capital of the state of the same name, on the fifteenth of September, 1830. The date is a significant one; for it was the eve of the great national fiesta. It was on the sixteenth of September, 1810, that Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla gave the *grito de Dolores*, and led the first movement towards the independence of Mexico. It was an ill-judged and badly managed move-

ment, and was followed by several of the same character before Mexico became in any sense independent. Nevertheless many events in the history of Mexico have occurred on that day, some merely incidentally, and not a few by pre-conceived arrangement with a view to dramatic effects of which the Latin-Americans are so fond.

In the year of Diaz's birth, Mexico had been under its own national flag, freed from Spanish domination, for nine years. Those years had witnessed the failure to establish an empire with Agustin de Iturbide, a creole colonel, as Emperor. They had seen the like failure to establish Republican institutions modeled upon those of the United States. They had seen a Constitution, adopted in 1824, set aside at the close of the first presidential term of four years, and the country become a military oligarchy, one president succeeding another, not by popular will, but by force of arms. They had seen political parties come into existence, without settled political principles but struggling for self-aggrandizement and ready to resort to arms and bloodshed to gain their ends. Two opposing principles of government are dimly seen under these parties, Federalism and Centralism—Republicanism and Absolutism. If the years had seen any one fact definitely established, it was the incapacity of the Mexicans to govern themselves, especially under any system of government borrowed from Anglo-Saxons.

In Diaz's birth-year Anastasio Bustamante was President, the fourth to occupy the presidential chair within eight years, when constitutionally there should have been but two. He had attained to the exalted position by means of a revolution, and he was two years later ousted by the same means. After various efforts to fill the chair, Congress selected for President, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, a man without any moral principle though stanch in his adherence to the Roman Catholic Church in its most corrupt form, and to Centralism. For Vice President, Valentin Gomez Farias was selected—a Federalist and a man of honor. Between the two began a struggle for supremacy. Much of the conduct of Santa Anna at the time was of the character of opera bouffe. It is too ridiculous to be recorded in serious history. On the other hand, Gomez was a serious-mind-

ed man, a patriot and a reformer. He had adopted a well-digested programme of reform, which was perhaps premature, as subsequent events seemed to show, but which prove him to have been a patriot and a statesman, and to have known the needs of his country. Santa Anna, however, continued his comic opera. One revolution succeeded another, and in 1835 Federalism was completely subverted and Centralism was triumphant. A new Constitution was adopted known as *Las Siete Leyes* (The Seven Laws.) It was but a provisional constitution and the constitution adopted the following year converted the Republic into a military oligarchy, enlarged the functions of the central government and produced conditions which justified the revolt of Texas and made it successful. That revolt, it will be remembered, resulted in the capture and expatriation of Santa Anna. Successive pronunciamientos and revolutions at the capital led to his recall and elevation to the Presidency and to the adoption, in 1843, of the *Bases Organicas Politicas de la Republica Mexicana*, whereby the government was centralized to the utmost degree and the power of Santa Anna was made absolute.

Revolutions followed as in every previous case of the assertion of absolutism. Santa Anna was deposed and impeached. He was recalled, however, in the war with the United States. At the close of that war (by which Mexico was shorn of much of her former territory), under the presidency of Herrera hope was entertained that good government could be established in Mexico. But with the end of his term of office in 1851, disturbances arose, by means of which Santa Anna came into power again and absolutism was again triumphant. In 1853 he decreed himself Perpetual Dictator. The Plan de Ayutla was put forth in opposition to his pretensions and a bitter struggle began for reform and for the establishment of constitutional government.

Meanwhile Porfirio Diaz had grown to manhood and was ready to enter public life, and to become a participant in the stirring events which his country was to witness for the next thirty years. He was the son of an inn-keeper in Oaxaca, who died when Porfirio was but three years of age, leaving a widow to care for eight children upon very slender means. Porfirio's grandmother upon one side was a Mixteca Indian and of his In-



dian blood the President of Mexico is justly proud. His mother was a relative of the Bishop of Oaxaca who was the god-father of young Porfirio and took a deep interest in the lad. In those days the priesthood, where it was accessible, offered the most coveted opportunity for any young man in Mexico. It was the ambition of young Porfirio's mother that her son should be trained for the church, and she was more than encouraged by her relative, the Bishop. At the age of fourteen the lad was placed at the Roman Catholic Seminary where the instruction he received was intended to fit him for the church. Against the maternal plans and those of his Episcopal godfather, young Porfirio revolted. He early imbibed a taste for a military career, and to be a colonel was the height of his youthful ambition. It was by no means a strange taste in a country where war had always been the chief business of life and where the church and the army offered the most attractive careers to the young. At the age of seventeen (1847) he walked (being too poor to go otherwise) two hundred and fifty miles to the city of Mexico, to offer his services to the National Guard in the war with the United States. That war came to an end and the National Guard disbanded before he was enabled to enter upon his military career. So he trudged back to Oaxaca; and having to take care of his widowed mother and assist her in the difficult task of providing for a family of eight children, he sought a career which would secure him a livelihood. He formally renounced the ecclesiastical career planned for him by his mother, and began the study of law, giving instructions to others that he might meet the expenses of his education at the Law School in Oaxaca. He won the interest of Don Marcos Perez, a local jurist and professor in the Law School, and by Perez he was introduced to Benito Juarez, then Governor of the state of Oaxaca. Juarez appointed him librarian of the Law School, thus enabling him to add somewhat to his income.

The meeting of these two men was a significant event in the history of Mexico. The occasion was a distribution of prizes at the Law School and speeches were made of a liberal character, for Oaxaca was far advanced in liberalism beyond the states and cities nearer the capital of the country. Juarez was a Za-

potecan Indian, born in a hamlet in the mountains of Oaxaca and left an orphan at an early age. At the age of twelve the Indian boy knew no other language than the Zapotecan dialect. At that age he accompanied some Indians of his hamlet to the market place in Oaxaca, where he was observed by a Oaxacan, who took him into the service of his household and sent him to school intending him for the priesthood. Like Diaz, he rebelled and entered upon a career at the bar. He became a judge and was now Governor of Oaxaca and was destined to become the chief figure in the history of Mexico for the next twenty years.

Young Diaz readily assimilated the liberal principles he heard expressed on that occasion and resolved to devote his life to the same high purpose that was engaging the services of Juarez and the other liberals. He frequently met Juarez and received from him many marks of attention, among them, the privilege of attending the military school and fitting himself for the military phases of the great struggle then pending for the establishment of constitutional government in Mexico.

When equipped for the practice of his profession Diaz was made a Professor of Law in his *alma mater*, and, on the first of December, 1854, he was suddenly forced to take an active part in the liberal uprising against the despotism of Santa Anna. The Plan de Ayutla had been proclaimed and Santa Anna was seeking to neutralize it by securing a demonstration in his favor. By his manœuvering Oaxaca was filled with Centralists charged with the duty of securing votes for Santa Anna for the Perpetual Dictatorship, and the law faculty was expected to record its votes as a unit. To this arrangement Diaz demurred and he had the temerity to record his vote for General Alvarez, the military leader of the Ayutla revolt, for President of the Republic. It was a hazardous thing to do and required the highest degree of personal courage; and the arrest of Diaz was promptly ordered; but in the excitement caused by his act, he escaped with a friend to Mixteca, where he placed himself at the head of a band of patriots who had risen in arms against the dictatorship of Santa Anna. Within a few days he had his first engagement with a body of national troops sent out against the revolutionists. He thence-

forth dedicated his life and services to the Plan de Ayutla and all that it stood for in the regeneration of Mexico.

The Plan de Ayutla was designed to accomplish far more than the overthrow of Santa Anna and his schemes of absolutism. It differed from the scores of plans, pronunciamientos and revolutions which had preceded it, in its having as its objects permanent reforms affecting the whole country. It was necessary not only to raise up bulwarks against foreign aggressions and further loss of territory, but to reform the internal affairs and establish such institutions as would bring peace and happiness under good government to the citizens of the land. It attracted to its standard leading liberals from every part of the country. Juarez was then living in exile, but he hastened back to Mexico to take the prominent part in the movement to which he was destined. Events progressed rapidly. Santa Anna sought refuge in exile from the gathering storm. A provisional government was organized under the Plan de Ayutla; General Ignacio Comonfort was eventually seated as President, and Benito Juarez was made Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Relations. This was in effect notice to the Church and to the Military rule, and to absolutists of every description that Mexico was to be freed from their control and to be governed upon the principle of seeking the highest welfare of the governed.

A Convention was called in 1855 to frame a constitution, and in time the Constitution of 1857 was prepared and ready to be proclaimed — substantially the Constitution of Mexico at the present day. It was to take effect on the sixteenth of September, 1857. In its liberal provisions it was a direct challenge to the ecclesiastical and military rule which had heretofore been dominant in Mexico; and the challenge was promptly accepted. The War of the Reform followed. Comonfort resigned and fled to the United States. His constitutional successor was Benito Juarez, who organized in Queretaro a government which was for a while peripatetic but finally settled in Vera Cruz where it was maintained out of the customs duties of that rich port. Felix Zuloaga deserted the liberals and became the leader of the Reactionaries in the city of Mexico. He and Miramon were in turn Presidents *de facto* at the capital — anti-Presidents

it is now customary to call them — and supported their government by robberies and from the coffers of the church. The theatre of the war was the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre. The decisive battle was fought at Calpulalpam in December, 1860, and resulted in a complete victory for the Constitutionalistas or Juaristas. Juarez returned to his rightful capital to confront enormous tasks in straightening out the tangled skein of Mexican government.

Throughout this struggle Porfirio Diaz was far from inactive. In April, 1856, he renounced the practice of the law and was made commander of a battalion of the Oaxaca Militia. The following December, at his earnest request, Juarez secured for him a commission as Captain of Infantry. Two years later he was promoted to the command of a battalion of the same. In July, 1859, he was promoted to a Lieutenant Colonelcy, and in August, 1860, he was made Colonel in the army of the Juaristas, thus attaining to the height of his youthful ambition. All through the War of the Reform he was in the field actively and successfully assisting in the defence of his native state. He was wounded in the action at Ixcapa (August 1857) and again on the fifth of August, 1860. In his thirteen engagements in the War of the Reform he established his reputation for bravery and military skill.

He also gave proof of his administrative capacity as Civil Administrator of Ixtlan and Military Governor of the District of Tehuantepec; and after the battle of Calpulalpam he was elected to represent the district of Ocotlan in the national congress. But he preferred military service to the life of a legislator, and in June 1861, when the capital was threatened by one of the guerilla bands that had survived the War of the Reform, Diaz begged that he might be excused from his seat in Congress and allowed to take the field; and by his defeat of the guerillas he won his promotion to the rank of General of Brigade.

Juarez in his efforts to bring order out of chaos and to get a chance to straighten out the financial affairs of the government, felt obliged to suspend payment on all foreign debts for a term of two years. This gave an opportunity for the creditor nations to enter into a convention for the ostensible purpose of se-

curing their debts, but really to enable the Emperor of the French to combine with the Mexican clericals, conservatives and reactionaries, for the establishment of an empire in Mexico. The French Army of Intervention, in defiance of all international law, advanced from the city of Vera Cruz toward the capital in 1862. A surprise was in store for the invaders in the repulse at Puebla on the 5th of May, the most celebrated event in Mexican history. The French advance was thereby checked, but the following year after a long siege and a stout resistance the city of Puebla fell into the hands of the Interventionists. In both these battles Diaz won distinction. He was taken prisoner at the fall of Puebla, refused to give his parole to the French under the conditions demanded, but managed to escape from his captors and thus avoided being sent to France with the other Mexican prisoners of war. The advance of the Interventionists necessitated the withdrawal of Juarez and his cabinet from the capital, and they took refuge in the northern part of the country; while the Interventionists took possession of the interior provinces, organized an Empire and finally received the Austrian Archduke Maximilian as Emperor.

The military operations of Diaz throughout the war which followed were most important. On the eighteenth of May, 1863, he was made Full General of Brigade and was appointed to the command of the Army of the East. He was besieged in Oaxaca and surrendered after a heroic defence, and from the ninth of February until the twenty-first of September, 1865, he was a prisoner of war. On the latter date he managed to escape from his prison in Puebla and resumed his operations against the enemies of his country. In April 1867, after a brilliant attack, he entered Puebla and a week later he defeated General Marquez, the chief of the Imperialist army in the South, and prepared the way for bringing the war with the Imperialists to a close.

All this time his patriotism and his fidelity to Republican principles were put to the severest test and were found to stand the test. He received repeated overtures from the Emperor Maximilian and from his Generals, but he refused them all, remaining true to the Republican cause. Marshal Bazaine of the French army offered to sell to him a large amount of ammuni-



tion and to deliver to him certain evacuated cities and the persons of Marquez, Miramon and Maximilian. Diaz declined to be a party to any such dishonorable transactions. He refused the offer of the surrender of the city of Mexico, saying that he was able to take it by the usual course of war.

When, with the withdrawal of the French troops at the demands of the government of the United States, the tide of war began to turn, and Juarez in the North began to collect his scattered forces and move toward the South, Diaz began to move up toward the capital. After regaining Puebla he advanced upon the capital of the country, invested it and received its surrender two days after the execution of Maximilian in Queretaro, thus bringing the War of the French Interventionists to a close and restoring the Republic to the Constitutionalists.

The greatness of Diaz was manifested by his conduct at the surrender of the city of Mexico. He showed great moderation in his treatment of the enemy within the city. His first efforts were directed to the relief of those who were suffering from the effects of the siege. Pillage was strictly forbidden and mercy to the vanquished was a new principle in the history of revolutionary Mexico. Yet of all the Imperialists taken within the Mexican capital — men who had delivered their country over to a foreign foe and had proved treacherous on more than one occasion — men who were directly responsible for the bloodshed in the War of the Reform and in that of the French Intervention, only two were executed; and the conduct of these was so heinous that it was impossible for the commanding general to find any excuse for pardoning them. The decree of amnesty which followed from the victorious government was strenuously supported, if indeed it were not actually proposed, by General Diaz. Diaz showed his real greatness in another respect. He had completed the military task given him. He knew the Mexican people and the glamour which the military hero had for them. He knew that the unmilitary character of the man for whom he had been fighting would suffer by comparison with him. He knew that the effort to secure to Mexico a better government than military rule would be subverted unless he retired from public life. So he closed his official report

of the siege and capitulation of the city of Mexico with the tender of his resignation of his military command.

Retiring to his native state he was received with every honor, and in appreciation of his services in the defence of the country, the city of Oaxaca presented him with the estate of La Noria. He gave his attention to the cultivation of this estate for the next four years, taking no active interest in politics until 1871. The country was then greatly excited over the announcement that Juarez was to stand for his fourth term in the presidency. He had been dilatory in enforcing the reforms promised under the Constitution of 1857 and the Liberals had lost confidence in him. In November, 1871, Diaz promulgated the "Plan de Noria," proposing a reorganization of the government in accordance with the Constitution. Of the uprising which ensued Diaz placed himself at the head as military chief. The sudden death of Juarez, on the 18th of July, 1872, caused the movement to collapse; and all patriotic Mexicans united to pay their tribute of love and admiration for the greatest man Mexico had thus far produced — a man who was absolutely honest and unselfish in his devotion to the regeneration of his country.

Juarez was succeeded in the Presidency, by constitutional provision, by the President of the Supreme Court of Justice, Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada; and Diaz returned to his estate in Oaxaca. Lerdo ordered an election by which he was returned as Constitutional President for a term of four years, and the land had peace for a while. Lerdo pushed forward the work of constitutional reform, much to the gratification of the Liberals, but he never succeeded in winning the popular admiration. He was without the military glamour. Conscious that Diaz was the popular hero, he could not fail to regard him with a certain amount of jealousy. He sought to dispose of him by offering him high positions in the government and missions to foreign courts, all of which Diaz declined. The General was elected to the National Congress in 1873 and his appearance in the capital was attended by such demonstrations of popularity, that Lerdo deemed it safe to have him proscribed as soon as he could have it done; and Diaz sought refuge in the United States, while Lerdo was

preparing to stand for reelection in face of a protest from the Liberals. While Diaz was *en route*, the "Plan de Tuxtepec" was promulgated and a revolutionary movement was begun for the overthrow of the Lerdist government. The revolutionists reached the capital, proclaimed General Porfirio Diaz "Commander in Chief of the Army of Reorganization." He succeeded in finding his way to the northern frontier where he met with some military successes. Then abandoning the field in the north and returning to the south by way of the Gulf of Mexico, running the gauntlet of Lerdist, he took the military leadership of the revolutionists who were named the "Porfiristas." With his arrival in Oaxaca the revolution took on new life. A decisive battle was fought at Tecoac in November, 1876. The Porfiristas were triumphant and Diaz advanced to the capital. Lerdo fled to the United States. Under the terms of the Plan de Tuxtepec an election was to take place "within two months after the capture of the capital of the Republic." On the first of December, 1876, General Porfirio Diaz was duly returned as President of the Republic for four years. He was confirmed as Constitutional President by Congress the following May.

Enormous tasks confronted him in his new position. The outlook was enough to discourage a weaker or more timid man. His government, on account of its revolutionary origin, was not recognized by the United States until 1879. Nor could any onlooker regard Mexico as in any other category than that of the average Spanish-American country. What guarantee was there that the new experiment was to meet with better success than the many that had been previously tried? The effort of the Plan de Ayutla and subsequent efforts had been to emancipate Mexico from a military oligarchy. Two non-military Presidents had occupied the chair of state for several years. Yet "the man on horseback" had apparently returned stronger than ever. The Constitution of 1857 had evidently proved a failure. The feeling of distrust was not removed when Diaz, thoroughly consistent with the Plan de Tuxtepec, in 1880 refused to take a second term. The Administration of General Manuel Gonzales was reactionary, and the public refused to believe that Mexico had entered upon an era of good government. Still the opinion was being strength-

ened that Diaz was the only hope of the country. Part of the time of the Gonzales administration he was Minister of Affairs under Gonzales, and part of the time he was Governor of Oaxaca and magistrate of the Supreme Court of Justice. His popularity was immensely increased by his marriage in the spring of 1883, to Carmen, daughter of Don Manuel Romero Rubio, for all Mexico "loves a lover," and the marriage of General Diaz and la Señorita Romero Rubio was ideal. The visit the newly wedded couple made in the United States, where public men began to know Diaz and to appreciate what he was capable of doing for Mexico, tended to interest Americans in Mexican affairs. While the people of the United States were becoming acquainted with Diaz, he was learning something about American institutions and what was best for Mexico. At this time American and English capital was being invested in Mexico and Americans were anxious to see Diaz again in the Presidential chair. Consequently when he went back to the Presidency in 1884, though it would be folly to assert that it was by popular vote, it was without opposition, it being taken for granted that there was no one else in the country capable of maintaining the government and of carrying out the programme of reform which he had faintly indicated in the years 1876-80. And it was not long after he had taken the chair in 1884 before men everywhere observed that he was far removed from the category of self-aggrandizing rulers and military oligarchs. He made his government a benevolent paternalism. He has been as absolute perhaps as Santa Anna, but he has made his government strong while it has served the welfare of the citizens. He was elected in 1888 for another term and again in 1892. And in 1904 the constitution was amended to provide for the election of a Vice-President and to extend the presidential term to six years.

It would be a difficult matter to indicate within the limits of this paper the character of the reforms accomplished by President Diaz since 1884. And when these reforms are mentioned briefly they seem to the reader far less important than they really are. And especially to the reader who does not know the condition of the country previous to 1876 and at the close of the Gonzales administration. In 1884 Diaz found the treasury liter-

ally empty and the nation apparently hopelessly bankrupt. In 1888 he funded the national debt at four and one-half per cent and made such arrangements for paying the same in gold, that the credit of the nation was restored and the bonds sold above par. He has fostered the development of the resources of Mexico, more particularly of the industrial enterprises, so that Mexico has become self-reliant and has built up vast manufacturing interests. He has maintained the peace of the country and caused the day of the revolution to pass. It was a stroke of statesmanship on his part to convert the brigands of former days into rurales or military constabulary, thus making Mexico the safest country in the whole world to live in or to travel in.

He has fostered education. "The instruction of the people is so essential to democratic life that its progress and perfection, which monarchical governments regard as charity, is with us one of our greatest duties," he wrote in one of his messages to Congress; and he has made the common schools of Mexico second to none in the world. Railway building which began during his first term was greatly developed during his latter terms of office, so that Mexico is better supplied with railways than any other nation of its size. He has successfully grappled with the engineering problems involved in the draining of the Valley of Mexico. He has given his attention to public improvements in the way of harbors and to the public buildings of Mexico. He has greatly improved every branch of government service. He has created a wholesome public opinion interested in public affairs, in place of the stolid indifference of former years as to who might be president or what he might be doing. He has purified the atmosphere of official life, and has taught Mexicans the important lesson of self-government. In a word, he is the maker of modern Mexico; and modern Mexico is a very different thing from the Mexico that existed between 1810 and 1876. It is a nation holding a very respectable place among the great nations of the world.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

The University of the South.



## SENATOR DOOLITTLE AND RECONSTRUCTION.

Perhaps there was no Northern member of Congress, during the period immediately succeeding the Civil War, who more fully and completely possessed the confidence and good will of his stricken brethren of the South than did Senator James Rood Doolittle, the then senior senator from Wisconsin. This view is amply sustained by the letters of Messrs. Mason, Bryan, Wells, Cutler, Tutt, Marvin, and Cooper, which follow. But there is much other corroborating evidence in the possession of the writer belonging to the private correspondence of the late Judge Doolittle. The confidence in, and respect for, this statesman, who was greatly misunderstood and maligned at home, in the North, is made manifest in this correspondence.

If there would seem to be any doubt as to our main contention, that Senator Doolittle was one of the few Northern leaders in Southern soil during our reconstruction period, that doubt ought to be dispelled by the intelligent and temperate estimate of Judge Doolittle found in the following letter of President Samson, of Rutgers Female College, New York. The letter has never before been published; and it is given to the public now that tardy justice may be done to the memory of a good man and worthy public servant.

New York, April 23d, 1889.

It is from a deep sense of justice to one of the ablest statesmen, the wisest of counsellors, the most balanced of political leaders, as well as in attestation that the same Divine wisdom and love permits crises and fits great men for their mission, that I make this statement.

Hon. Henry Dodge, first Senator from Wisconsin, was for years one of my appreciative friends & hearers. His successor, Hon. J. R. Doolittle, brought to fill his place when age & entirely new issues demanded rare powers, was not only equally an appreciative friend and hearer, but became an intimate of my family in the rooms occupied by Hon. Chas. Sumner during his special trial. Coleridge has said: "True greatness is to carry the spirit of childhood into riper years;" & Jesus taught that only

those ruled by the faith, hope & love of a little child could be great in the higher kingdom of heaven. Among many men in the history of other lands & ages, & a few personally known in a life of thirty years in Washington, no one more fully met these rare combinations, thus indicated, than Senator Doolittle. When family relations were broken on removal to College Hill in 1859, the ties of the truest & purest friendship made him in his frequent morning rides the delight of learned Professors & of prattling children; & from his lips many learned of mutual conferences with Pres. Lincoln on missions of peace amid wars, & of counsels that guided more than the thousands about Washington imagined, & that inspired & ruled Pres. Lincoln in his Cabinet meetings. To such moral influence rare physical energies were absolutely essential in reaching the people as well as rulers. In the Senate Judge Doolittle's voice was a charm in its natural & unaffected modulations; & as he warmed with his theme it riveted everyone of his associates. As to his power over a popular audience & the unequalled volume of voice adapted to outdoor address, the fame of his Wisconsin eloquence had preceded him. The perfectly unrivalled test came at Pres. Lincoln's Inauguration. No speaker ever approached in that city the powers displayed, when, standing in front of the City Hall, he was heard for nearly one quarter of a mile in front, & distinctly for an eighth of a mile around. The rare excellence of the address was that it was neither rant nor rhetoric, but solid, statesmanlike, logically stated fact & principal, fused and welded by the true heat of patriotic ardor.

G. W. SAMSON.

These letters of Southern men which follow point to the real condition of affairs in the South immediately after the war. They are valuable to the student of the reconstruction period of our national life as showing something of the public temper of the time as well as some of the complicated questions growing out of that momentous and unfortunate period of our existence. All of the letters are written by persons of comparatively slight prominence in the localities where they reside. Certainly, none can be dignified with national importance. In none of them, however, can it be truthfully said that there is an absence of a worthy patriotism. Colonel Mason's letter, for example, is especially strong in its frank avowal of the acceptance of the re-

sults of the war and the promise of support of a re-united country under one general government at Washington. It appears that Mr. Wells was a government officer, and his criticisms seem to be given as a result of his own feelings, rather than for any absolutely valid and just reasons. His use of English, too, indicates that his early education may have been neglected. It is quite possible that Mr. Tutt was a lawyer. The nature of his inquiry indicates that he may have been. Mr. Bryan's letter is written on a Milwaukee, Wis., hotel letter-head, and he may have been a travelling man. It is quite clear, however, that his home was in the Lone Star State, as he was anxious to have it understood that his native State disclaimed fellowship with what is known as the notorious Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Cutler seems to have been the Senator-elect from Louisiana who was knocking for admission to his seat with that of his colleague. He presents an interesting subject for the consideration of the Senator from Wisconsin. Mr. Marvin is, presumably, a Senator-elect from Florida, and, in spite of the pacific policy of some of the Northern members of Congress, the South, as late as 1868, seems to have had great difficulty to get into the great law-making body of the nation. He, too, offers his senatorial friend from the North an interesting legal question. Lieutenant-Governor Cooper, of Virginia, discusses interesting public questions of the hour touching, evidently, upon some which have been considered by Judge Doolittle in a speech on the floor of the Senate.

All of these letters, it is believed, outline the honest sentiments of the authors of them. Have we not a right to assume that this is so? For it is evident that they are written very much in confidence to an intelligent friend. The student of American history will discover in these letters historical material, material not always so carefully preserved as it should be; and it would be a source of satisfaction to know if the writers of these letters are still living.

Senator Doolittle was one of the cleanest, ablest, and most conscientious public men who ever graced the halls of our National Legislature, and was one of the truest friends of the Union and of the South that ever held public office. Yet he was often maligned and libelled. This was sometimes done by his political

opponents, but oftener and generally, by his political friends. It hurt him, in private feeling, beyond the power of mere language, of which he was a consummate master, adequately to express. This very attitude served to eliminate from the public service, in his later life, a worthy, able and unsullied, although admittedly ambitious, public man, pre-eminent alike at home and abroad. It is hurtful to the best public service to have to say such things; and yet it is demonstrably true.

These old letters give some hint of a better understanding of each other, North and South. To know this, and to know that it is historical truth, should be welcome to every honest and patriotic soul.

New Orleans, La., May 2nd, '66.

MR. DOOLITTLE,  
Senator.

Sir: I take the liberty of writing you a few lines.

Though originally opposed to secession, when La. seceded from the Union I thought it my duty to stand by my State to the end. I was an officer of the C.S. Army for 4 years & participated in 33 battles to say nothing of small fights.

The fate of arms was against us and there is no man in the South more desirous than I of seeing the Country re-habilitated under the Constitution & the Union.

Many grave questions will doubtless be presented to the South ere this object is consummated, and I think it of the highest importance that our people should be fully posted as to what is going on at Washington in order that they may act advisedly in the premises.

Our local papers furnish but meagre reports, and the great mass of the people are kept in ignorance of Congressional proceedings.

I, therefore, beg to suggest to you to send to various Post-Masters throughout the South copies of the most important speeches in Congress, with instructions to spread them broadcast over the land.

The late war was brought about more by a mutual misunderstanding between the two sections of the Country than any real ill feeling. Thank God it is over, and I beseech you as a senator to do all in your power to bring about an era of good feeling North & South, and I believe this can best be done by a wide

dissemination of Speeches & Documents. Let us know what is desired of us at the North, & let us know what the North demands of us. All of my late brothers in arms are thoroughly loyal to the Union, and the only secessionists I have met with since my return home have been those who have never tasted gunpowder or heard the whistle of bullets.

The late C. S. Army is as loyal (as far as I have been able to ascertain) to the Union as any portion of the Country, and I believe that in the event of a foreign war that La. would furnish more volunteers than Mass. Four out of five of my old Regt. would enlist to-morrow to fight under the Stars & Stripes.

Yours very resptly,

W. W. MASON,  
Late Col. C. S. Army.

NEWHALL HOUSE,

Milwaukee, Sept. 15, 1871.

HON. J. R. DOOLITTLE.

Dear Sir: I have no hesitation in saying to you, what I said to my friend, Gov. R. B. Hayes of Ohio.

I assure you as I did him on my honor that I do not know or believe in the existence of any such organization as Klu Klux in Texas.

The belief in the Northern mind of the existence of such an organization prevents Northern immigration to the South, & prevents the investment of Northern capital in my State. On that account I assert no such organization does exist in Texas.

And further I have no hesitation in saying that Northern immigrants in Texas will be as safe in their rights of person & property (so far as ex-confederates are concerned), as they would be in the State of Wisconsin. And we cordially invite them to come & live among us. I am, with respect, Yours &c.,

GUY M. BRYAN.

BUREAU OF REFUGEES, FREEDMEN, &c.

Hd'Qrs. Supt. Western District, N. C.

Salisbury, Nov. 14th, 1865.

HON. J. R. DOOLITTLE.

Senator:

I thought I would drop you a few lines in reference to the election for governor in this state; from all appearances Holden is defeated, and I am glade that he has



been, for Werth is the best man of the two; from what I can learn from freely conversing with the people he has been a consistent man, always opposed to secession, a straightforward and honorable man, I think we can depend upon him in doing his part towards bringing about a proper state of affairs, I think he will tell the people of North Carolina the truth while from all evidence upon the subject Holden will tell them anything to suit their interest and prejudices. The Bureau is doing a great amount of good and cannot be dispensed with until the laws of the state are made to protect the Freedmen, and I think if the people are told this by their leading men, they will soon agree to it; the Holden men have not been talking to them in this way. Hoping that you will find everything comfortable during the winter, I remain

Very Respectfully

Your Obt. Ser't,

G. W. WELLS.

Washington, D. C., Mch. 6th, 65.

Dear Sir:

I have been very unwell and the most of the time confined to my room for a month past.

I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in making the following suggestions and requests. Would not the admission of the Senators from Louisiana on motion upon their credentials be sufficient to impliedly repeal the act of Congress and the President's proclamation thereunder of 1861 declaring Louisiana to be in a state of insurrection?

Or if it would not impliedly repeal it would not the act of 1861 cease to have any effect against Louisiana by the admission of her Senators in the manner aforesaid?

I think several Senators entertain these propositions in the affirmative, and that a joint resolution of both houses of Congress is not an imperative prerequisite to the admission of Senators.

I sincerely hope, therefore, that when the question arises on presenting the credentials of the Hon. M. Hahn and myself Senators duly elected by the Legislature of Louisiana and according to law, that the three hundred and fifty thousand loyal souls and among them eighteen thousand loyal voters, being a large majority of the entire voting population of the state now residing in Louisiana, will find in you a defender of their rights and a

supporter of their Senators and their admission upon their credentials.

Most respectfully submitted by

Your Most Obedient Servant,

R. KING CUTLER,  
U. S. S. elect from La.,  
Room 463, 11th Str.

To HON. J. R. DOOLITTLE.

Marion, Ala., May 14, 1868.

HON'L J. R. DOOLITTLE,  
Washington City.

Dear Sir: As our state has no representative in Congress, I take the liberty of enquiring of you on behalf of myself and others, whether the Bankrupt law has been or will be amended so as to extend the time of filing petitions beyond the 1st of June? As the law now stands no one can take the benefit of the act after the 1st June without paying 50 cents on the dollar. It would be a great benefit to have the time extended, as the situation of the country is & will be such as to make it necessary for many persons to go into Bankruptcy who did not anticipate having to resort to it and who cannot now make their arrangements and file their petitions before 1st June. This necessity has been caused by the failure of parties who were supposed to be solvent, by business failures and embarrassments generally and unforeseen causes.

There will be as much necessity for the benefits and provisions of the law after 1st June as there is now or was at the time of its passage. You will confer a great favour upon myself & many others in this section by informing me immediately whether there is any certainty of the time being extended beyond 1st June, and to what time. Tendering you the apologies of myself & others for troubling you in this matter, I remain,

Yours very respectf'ly,

L. C. TUTT.

P. S.—We have written to you because we are satisfied you are disposed to do justice to our own & every other section of the Country. Please let us hear from you immediately.

Skaneateles, N. Y.

June 22d, 1868.

HON'L JAMES R. DOOLITTLE.

Dr Sir.

After the little reflection I have been able to give the subject, it has occurred to me, that, in order to save my rights and the rights of my state, whatever they may be; it is proper my credentials should be presented to the Senate. I have, therefore, endorsed them to you for that purpose, unless some good reason for not presenting them should occur to you or some of your friends.

Unless the acts of the constitutional convention of Florida of 1865, including the abolition of slavery, the acts of the legislature of the state at its two different sessions, the decisions and proceedings of its courts, are all null and void, then the act of electing me to the Senate is a valid constitutional act and I am entitled to the seat. The fact, that the State has, since my election, changed or altered her constitution or adapted a new one based on universal suffrage, does not oust me from the office, nor in any way deprive me of my rights. The office of U. S. Senator is not a state office subject to be abolished by amendments to the State Constitution. Nor can such amendments abbreviate or enlarge the term of or supersede the Senator in Congress. Nor can a state legislature, because of such amendments or for any similar cause, legally elect a senator in Congress to fill a term already filled by a previous election.

There is nothing in the reconstruction acts of Congress, according to my recollection, which interferes with or affects the question of my right to the seat, and the Senate can, if it chooses, consistently with these acts, declare that I am entitled to the seat.

Very respectfully, Your obt serv't,

WM. MARVIN.

Portsmouth, Va., 7 May, 1866.

HON. MR. DOOLITTLE,  
U. S. Senate.

Dear Sir: Last winter while deeply, nay, absorbingly engaged, in conducting the business of the Virginia Senate, I had the honor to receive your speech made in the United States Senate. I thank you for your attention. It was able and well

made. You enunciated and defended therein truth and principle. Since then only a few days ago I had great pleasure in reading your remarks in the senate following and fighting in the same line. Hold on, Mr. Senator. The people, the loyal people, North or South, will rally to your position, will vindicate our noble president, because he, and those now standing by him, are alike defending the Constitution and Constitutional Liberty.

It never was intended, that a Constitution should be at the command of party. Constitutions are far above party contemplations, party aims. Party must and should be subservient to and in obedience to Constitutions. Party may of right deal only with matters of policy. Policy flows by, and under protection of Constitutions. Constitutions restrain and control party, or lines of Policy. Whenever Party, as party, has usurped power and right, to control the Constitution, if successful, Constitutional Liberty has been lost and destroyed. Let us see. When, or where, in what age, or country, has party, has Party brought into existence Constitutions? I venture the assertion, that not a solitary instance can be found in ancient or modern history. Party almost, *ex vi termino*, implies government precedent.

Refer to the history of each and all of our American Constitutions. What do we see? If a Constitution is to be amended, does not the Spirit of Liberty suggest, nay command, Party strife to cease? Is not the call for Patriotism? Does not party yield? Does not Party Spirit retire at this Holy Invocation? Have not the People thus obeyed the Voice of Liberty? And think you now Mr. Senator, that Liberty, deep-rooted in the hearts of the people, will fail to realize the hour, and vindicate the cause, the Cause of Constitutional Government? Sir, be assured, be assured, that the spirit of all our Liberties, now at this hour imperiled by wild party instincts, will very soon awake, because she is not dead, but only sleepeth, and vindicate her Cause, the Cause of Constitutional Liberty. Have no fears. Go on. The People will rescue their Constitution and their Liberties from the Grasp of Party. I see, or I think I see clearly this result.

I should be very much obliged to receive a copy of your promised vindication in the senate. You will triumph. The People of your noble state will rally to your support. Excitement may do much, it is ever capable of doing a great deal, but have confidence. He who cannot afford to wait the cool judgment of the people deserves to fall. I feel that you are right: and being

right I have every confidence in the People to appreciate your noble position.

May Providence guide you and may your Patriotic exertions be rewarded by a grateful People,

I have the honor to be, Mr. Senator,

Very Respectfully your most obt. servant,

LEOPOLD C. P. COOPER,

Lt. Gov. of Va.

DUANE MOWRY.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin



## SOME ODES AND DIDACTIC VERSE OF GOETHE IN ENGLISH \*

After Matthew Arnold, who will record his private opinions and feelings unwarily on so monopolized a topic as Translation? Yet an ordinary lover of literature will be pardoned for having his fling at the long-eared grey-felled surefooted word-for-words? Browning, somewhat sensitive and not without reason, took keen delight in quoting a classical criticism of the criminal *Æschylean* obscurity! But as a schoolboy, having patiently employed dear old Robert's transyllabification as a crib, methinks it were not amiss to make the punishment fit the crime, if King Minos should doom *Æschylus* for so grievous a sin of obscurity, by way of all-sufficient atonement, to use his own "*Agamemnon*" once only as a crib to Robert Browning's!

And now Goethe — quite generally admitted to be fourth among the immortals — must be Englished, and this German God of poetry is not always instantly transpiguous!

Thank heaven, so far no Browning has offered himself for the adventure. But our own Bayard Taylor — traveller and pleasant singer — for all his American optimism deeming it possible English should follow foot by foot the metaphysical postures and verbal contortions of New High German, for all his eager ingenuity and fine craftsman's mastery of diction and rhythm — how has our brave Bayard fared in the fray?

Remembering my trials as devoted initiator into the Faustian mysteries, I dare to put a leading question: — would the student (of little German usually, and perhaps less English) make exalted sense at critical spots out of the scholarly version of our faithful verse-for-verser and foot-for-footer, did not the aforesaid student have at his elbow that gay scapegrace of a paraphrast, Dr. John Anster, who skips irresponsibly from dizzy height to height, and that spinsterly correct Miss Swanwick reared to breathe the common air on the homelier sealevel of wellbred discourse?

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How difficult the task of rendering Goethe's easy yet tense, precise yet suggestive, idiomatic yet elegant verse into English that shall have the poetic cadence and verbal association, together with the accurate sense and equivalent sentiment! Who, more cheerfully ready to affirm this than one who has himself attempted the undertaking? Let, however, one specimen here adduced make clear beyond a doubt and cavil, how hard be the ways of the translator!

The theme is that of George Meredith's "Woodland Peace," but the whole comprised in eight lines of such spontaneity and simplicity as to baffle analysis. Let Longfellow's translation be offered the reader first in deference to the engaging importer of poetic cosmopolitanism.

O'er all the hill tops  
Is quiet now,  
In all the tree-tops  
Hearest thou  
Hardly a breath;  
The birds are asleep in the trees;  
Wait; soon like these  
Thou, too, shalt rest.

*Spürest du — Kaum cinen Hauch* is rendered with word-for-word fidelity — except that "hearest" applies only to the ear, whereas *spürest* includes every other sense. Furthermore there is the very different emotional value of the second person singular of verb and pronoun in the two languages; affectionately familiar in German, stiltedly formal and obsolete in English. "In the trees" for *im Walde*, repeats the word of the third line, adding no value of its own. "Like these" makes explicit a comparison purposely left more delicately implicit by Goethe; and rhyming as it does with "trees," "these" might be mistakenly referred to them.

But the worst defect appears in the use of "hilltops" as equivalent for *Gipfel*; which meaning "summit," could have a symbolic as well as a literal sense, whereas "hilltop," alas, is strictly topographic!

Now let us see what Aytoun and Martin have done. Two heads being so obviously better than one, our expectation is rais-

ed for all the fame of the singer of "Miles Standish" and the "Vacant Chair".

Peace breathes along the shade  
Of every hill  
The tree-tops of the glade  
Are hushed and still;  
All woodland murmurs cease,  
The birds to roost within the brake are gone.  
Be patient, weary heart, anon  
Thou, too, shalt be at peace.

The same objection as before can be urged against "hill." "All woodland murmurs cease" merely repeats line four without substantial gain by the prolixity, save a rhyme. "The birds to roost" is for us Americans quite out of tune. Let us hope this line is Aytoun's and not Martin's, lest Oehlenschläger's and Heine's often so felicitous translator suffer hurt in reputation!

Next let us see what Sir Edgar Alfred Bowring has done for us. He who Englished so much of Schiller and Goethe, surely will do better than others with this elusive poem!

Hushed on the hill  
Is the breeze;  
Scarce by the zephyr  
The trees  
Softly are pressed;  
The woodbird's asleep on the bough.  
Wait, then, and thou  
Soon will find rest.

"On the bough," not being an equivalent for *Wald*, forest, the *Vöglein* have become the woodbird. This may pass. "Zephyr" idly repeats "breeze;" and "pressed," for all it be negated, leaves behind it a most vexing suggestion that comes nigh to annulling the whole intent of the poem—that of making us realize "peace." But more than all, how has the large relevancy of *Ueber allen Gipfeln Ist Ruh* been specifically contracted in the would-be equivalent "Hushed on the hill Is the breeze!"

The very title *Ein Gleiches* baffled our translators. Aytoun and Martin called the piece "Evening," as did also Sir Edgar Alfred Bowring. Longfellow headed it "The Same." And what pray does that mean? What is the Same? Here Rossetti

helped their audacious follower, and his caption therefore should be: "Evenso."

EVENSO

Hovereth o'er every height  
 Peace visible;  
 And every treetop—light  
 Breathings do lull  
 Of dreamless sleep.  
 Birds hush them in the brake.  
 'Bide thee, thou too ere long shalt take  
 Thy rest—still, deep.

Confessedly there is considerable liberty taken with the original in the last version. But nothing is wantonly added, not even "dreamless sleep," which helps to repeat the sentiment of "peace." And the ambiguous feeling (rather than sense) of the first line is at all events preserved in:—"Hovereth o'er every height, Peace visible," mayhap as cloud, as blue sky, as euthanasia and theophany, as the symbolic dove by Jordan's bank. Peace "in bodily shape" somehow "hovereth" and is above and nigh and felt as Peace; and the height—is the mere mountain or the morally sublime! For *Spürest du Kaum einen Hauch*—"Breathings do lull Of dreamless sleep"—is a free amplification to avoid at a critical place the difficult second person singular, and secure a surer and more definite psychological allusion for the "waver of tree tops."

Has the present writer then preserved the sentiment of the original; though he has sacrificed the simple direct familiarity of style? Does the cadence: "Thy rest—still, deep" atone for the obsolete: "'Bide thee, thou too"? Of these delicate questions surely each reader must be judge on his own behalf, and will temper discreet judgment with mercy—unless he can himself assist us to a solution better than the Alexandrian cut of the Gordian knot.

Without further apologies, therefore, let the remainder of our space be occupied by a few hazarded translations which will, taken together and in their order, provide a survey of the world and man and God from Goethe's own chosen point of view.

As no lines he ever penned have impressed the world more than the last two of "Faust," nor caused more controversy, we

shall assume that they meant more than meets the ear. For why in the name of sense or justice should the "woman soul" be credited with so much, and the equally notable *Ewig Männliche*, as Nietzsche mischievously puts it, be so cruelly bereft of honor due? Since, however *Das Ewig Weibliche* has actually served to test the poetic soul of the man; he betraying his own deepest self in his manner of envisaging that portentous miracle—the "eternal feminine"—we shall do well to quote, in full Goethe's "Wanderer" with "The Wayfarer" for caption. Indeed the poem is his Madonna. From among the ruins of a glorious past, babe at breast, she appears to rest and refresh him, full of grace, with her simple girlish naturalness; and to offer him unasked the bread of life: faith, that is to say, in the external fitness of nature's inhuman ways of dealing with her noblest product—man.

DER WANDERER

*The Wayfarer*

*Wayfarer—*

Hail, and God bless thee,  
Young mother, and the little one  
The son at thy breast!  
Let me drop at the rock-wall here  
In the elm-tree's shadow  
My burden down,  
And rest me beside thee.

*Young Mother—*

What craft can drive thee  
Thro' the heat of the day thus  
Up the dusty path hither?  
Bearest wares from the town  
Through the country-side?  
Thou smilest, stranger,  
At this my question?

*Wayfarer—*

No wares from the town have I brought.  
Cool now grows the evening.  
Show me to the well-spring  
Whereat thou drinkest,  
Gracious new-wed wife!



*Young Mother —*

This way, up the rock-path.  
Go before me! It leadeth  
Through the shrubberies thick  
Unto the well-spring  
Whereof I drink.

*Wayfarer —*

Tokens of ordering human hands  
Betwixt the bushes appear.  
These stones be not of thy building,  
Prodigal-handed Nature!

*Young Mother —*

Up further, and on!

*Wayfarer —*

Lo, covered with moss, an architrave!  
I know thee, fashioning mind  
Again, — thy seal in the hewn rock deep-set.

*Young Mother —*

Press onward, stranger!

*Wayfarer —*

Inscriptions whereon I trample,  
Alas, illegible!  
Away are ye flown  
Deep graven words, —  
Ye that to thousand generations  
Should your master's worship show.

*Young Mother —*

Starest thou, wondering  
At this stone, stranger?  
Farther up about my cot  
Full many stones lie.

*Wayfarer —*

Yonder?

*Young Mother —*

Close at thy left  
Up thro' the thick bushes, —  
Here!

*Wayfarer*—

Ye muses and graces!

*Young Mother*—

This is my cottage.

*Wayfarer*—

Ruins of a temple!

*Young Mother*—

Down the slope this way  
Up-welleth the spring  
Whereof I drink.

*Wayfarer*—

Aglow still hoverest thou  
Over thy grave-mound,  
Genius; albeit on thee  
Hath crashed and crumbled  
Thy masterwork,  
Undying spirit!

*Young Mother*—

Stay, the while I fetch the cup  
That thou mayest drink.

*Wayfarer*—

Ivy hath clothed about  
Thy godlike structure tall.  
How ye yearn upward  
Out of the wreckage,  
Ye pillars twain . . . .  
And thou too, lonesome sister!  
How ye together,  
Mournful moss on your hallowed heads,  
In grief majestic look down  
Beholding the prostrate pillars  
At your feet broken,  
Your kith and kin!  
Of the tangled bramble-bushes shadowed,  
Rubbish and earth half hide them;  
And the gaunt grass stalks over them!  
Dost thou thus scorn, O Nature,  
Thy noblest creature's noblest work?  
Shatterest thou so  
Thy holy of holies, to plant there  
The dock and the darnel?

*Young Mother —*

How he sleeps, my baby boy!  
 Wilt rest thee, stranger,  
 In our cottage?  
 Or wouldest rather  
 Here in the open tarry?  
 Cool it is. Take thou the boy  
 The while I fetch thee water.  
 Sleep, my darling, sleep!

*Wayfarer —*

Sweet is thy rest!  
 On heavenly seas of health  
 Afloat, tranquil he breathes!  
 Thou, born among the remnants  
 Of a holy long-gone past,  
 May its spirit breathe on thee!  
 For whom it halloweth, he,  
 As the gods in self-knowledge, shall thrill  
 With the gladness of day after day.  
 Unfold, thou swelling bud!  
 Loveliest gem adorning  
 White-shimmery spring,  
 Outshine thy fellows;  
 Then may the full fruit rise  
 Out of thy bosom  
 And ripen to sunward!

*Young Mother —*

God bless him! Still he sleepeth?  
 Naught have I more but homely bread  
 To offer thee, with the cool spring-water.

*Wayfarer —*

My heartfelt thank.  
 How all about doth put forth bloom and leaf!  
 What verdure!

*Young Mother —*

Soon from the field  
 My husband home  
 Will come. O, stay, friend, stay,  
 And share with us the evening meal.

*Wayfarer —*

And here — ye dwell?

*Young Mother* —

Yonder among the toppled walls  
My father lived to build the cottage  
Of tiles and of the ruin's stones.  
Here — do we dwell.  
To a husband he gave me, and breathed  
His last soon in our arms . . .  
Hast slept thy fill, sweetheart?  
How merry, see, and fond of play!  
Wee rogue!

*Wayfarer* —

Nature, forever budding, each  
Hast fashioned to the joy of life,  
Purveying as mother true  
To every child a home for heritage.  
High buildeth the swallow  
Under the eaves, unwitting  
What chiselled grace she bedaubs; —  
About the golden bough her brood's  
Winter abode, the canker worm  
Spinneth; and thou, 'mid ruins august  
Of the long-gone past, O man,  
For thy bare needs  
Buildest thy patch-work cot; —  
And hast over graves — thy joy!  
Farewell, thou happy wife.

*Young Mother* —

Thou wilt not tarry?

*Wayfarer* —

God keep you twain  
And bless your boy.

*Young Mother* —

God speed thee.

*Wayfarer* —

Whither o'er yonder hill  
Will the path take me?

*Young Mother* —

To Cuma.

*Wayfarer* —

And how far thither?

*Young Mother —*

Three miles or more.

*Wayfarer —*

Farewell.  
 Oh, lead my steps  
 Nature, — the stranger's  
 Wayfaring foot  
 Which o'er the graves  
 Of a hallowed long-gone age  
 Wendeth care free, —  
 To a place of safety  
 From north winds sheltered,  
 By a poplar copse  
 From the noon-sun screened; —  
 And, when homeward I turn  
 At eventide  
 To my hut in the last ray golden —  
 May such a wife there bid me welcome,  
 Our infant son in her arms!

We have now seen (and we trust with Goethe's "eye serene") "the very pulse of the machine" and thereby known it to be spirit and not as Wordsworth maladroitly for rhyme's sake puts it — mechanism. Therefore like Wordsworth's more fortunate high-land girl, she haunts us ever — and becomes unwittingly symbol and worship.

From *Die Nektar Tropfen*, the first portion of *Der Deutsche Parnass* and his great *Zueignung* (for which let the English reader eke out his Bowring to heart's content — or otherwise) we can gather how noble a vocation and grace of God, art seems to our Olympian.

Art — that noblest gift of all

Words as poet's arms are made, —

When the god will be obeyed,

Follow fast his darts erelong

That blest one will be safe from every ill,

Who takes this gift with soul of purity:

The veil of minstrelsy from truth's own hand.

But right here let us note how it is the Poetry not of irresponsible fiction, but of insight, intelligent memory and relevant fancy which he would give us; and that he would have this poetry rationally employed to supplement the natural goods of life.



Come then, my friends, and whensoever ye find  
Upon your way increase life's heavy load;  
If by fresh-wakened blessings flowers are twined,  
Around your path, and golden fruits bestowed,  
We'll seek the coming day with joyous mind!

For though he unflinchingly fronts the evil, no pessimist is Goethe. Old, solitary — but for his daughter-in-law Ottilie and her offspring — he “loved,” still at fourscore “the sweet habit of living and doing things” and declared that life was “like the Sybilline books — the fewer the leaves left, the more precious.”

His optimism, however, is not due to discerning goods that escape the pessimist's view, but to his own deliberate and successful contribution of mind and heart unto that whole of which he is a creative part. The world and fate are but half human. It is man should humanize them for himself. And this humanizing of the world and fate by man is Art.

Now artist though he is, owing no fealty to moral law as pious tradition or social convention, Goethe comes nevertheless to know it and honor it as inherent in the Artist's work, and vital to the Artist's noblest manhood.

#### NATUR UND KUNST

##### *Art and Nature*

Nature and Art still shun each other's sight,  
Yet mate as fellows, ere one wotteth well.  
My stubborn mood hath long since left me quite;  
So, which most draweth me I scarce may tell.

There needs must be a strait and true endeavor:  
But, the full dole once paid — of life we owe,  
Bound mind and will as thralls of Art forever,  
Fiercely at heart as erst may Nature glow!

Like token marketh every high emprise.  
All spirits undisciplined strove in vain to stand  
Where heights of pure perfection reach the skies.  
Who great things would, shall hold his soul in hand.

Only self-mastered may man master be,  
And law fulfilled, alone can speak us free!

Artist, with this resolute devotion, Goethe must go on to discover the law of life from a more general survey than his own individual life and lot permit. Hence, for his times most comprehensive and audacious scientific studies, which made of him the

first Poet of Evolution, knowing in himself whereof he spake and sang. *Die Metamorphose der Pflanzen* and *Die Metamorphose der Thiere*, set forth his notions of species, and their relation, and the wider law underlying their distinctness and affinity. The first of these didactic pieces was translated by Bowring and so we will extract from the second the broad principle Goethe discerned.

Nevertheless within, the might of the worthier creatures  
Findeth itself enclosed in a round of living formation.  
Borders no God may enlarge, and which Nature revereth:  
For, thus limited, only was possible ever the perfect.

May this noble conception of might and restraint and of self will  
And law, and of freedom and bounds, and of order in motion,  
Lack and advantage,—rejoice thee; for hearken, the holy  
Muse doth teach it thee thus with gentle insistence.  
Higher conception no ethical thinker attaineth;  
None the man of affairs, at his craft no fashioning artist.  
Rulers thence, worthy of rule, the pleasure draw of their sceptre!  
Highest Creation of Nature, rejoice that thou feelest thee able  
Thinking, her loftiest thought to o'ertake, whereto in creating  
She herself upsoared; there plant thee, and thence let thy glances  
Backward sweep, make proof, and compare, and take from  
the Muse's  
Mouth (that thou see, nor be drunken,) this full truth, certain  
and gracious!

In such wise then Goethe the artist and the scientist became Goethe the moralist — the attainment of one's own completest life and lot requiring even more than the external law required (less, however, the sense of humiliated acceptance from without) for the sake of others — since he discovered it on his own behalf, as innate in the actual constitution and vital law and his very being.

So little was Goethe inclined to waste creative energy in criticism that the religious protest of his soul, though vital and vigorous, got scanty expression. He began a dramatic poem "Prometheus" — which for some reason or other remained a fragment. Perhaps the torso was in this case more satisfying than the completed statue promised to be. He was too cultivated and self-sceptical to mistake the bow of Iris and Noah's post-diluvian discovery for a substantial modern Bifrost over

which across the sundering gap he might lead his people, even such as they were, into a new Walhalla. He was, by a rational habit of soul and a wide acquaintance with the philosophic and poetic past, wholly unable to mount like Shelley, and whirl us along with him, in a cloud of phrase and rhythm through nebulous luminosity into the "intense inane" and then mistake the mystic individual rapture, however infectious, for an effective social salvation! So, Prometheus, the rebel, was the utmost the theme could yield him.

What does man owe to God—God as a being and consciousness apart from man's own? Nothing. That external non-human God—if indeed he be at all—is strangely ineffective and noncommittal. If that God then be, in very truth, he is ever like man, fashioned by omnipotent time and by eternal fate—subject to the same universal laws. So let man thank not that unhelpful hypothetical Being—but himself—his virtue, his natural strength, his imagination, reason and will! Finely is this human protest uttered (and we should be tempted to say finally) in Goethe's "Prometheus." Nor does Bowring's translation call seriously for much amendment. If, however, "God" be taken as the collective expression for "the gods"—the natural powers without and within man—they do not have any claim on man's love. Let him fear them—use them and never cease to consider their devious ways. The chorus put in the mouths of the *Parcæ* at the end of the fourth act of *Iphigenia*, for which Miss Swanwick's translation is clearly the best extant, sets forth magnificently their utter inhumanity. If ethics be theirs, then is the principle of their ethics for man totally undiscoverable and unworthy of respect:—

Whom they have exalted  
Let him fear them most.

God as a transcendental omnipotent providential Father, and God as a gracious divine fellowship of kindly disposed patrons, are bravely denied then to exist; and what *is* in their stead to the eye critically schooled, cannot have any just right to man's veneration and grateful self-subjection.

Ah, ye Gods, ye mighty Gods  
In the wide heaven over us,

Would ye grant us here on earth  
 Stalwart mind and cheerful heart,  
 Gladly would we leave to you  
 O, ye good, your heaven above!

And this little ironical piece, he entitles "*Menschengefühl*"—a human feeling (perhaps all too human, in Nietzsche's phrase). For though Goethe would not be called an atheist even with regard to these above mentioned "notions of God," he is quite content to remain agnostic. What have Such Gods to do with us? And if so, then what have we to do with them?

Now in religious affirmation Goethe was more joyously at home by temperament, and therefore more convincingly eloquent. To such as will assume for the nonce his unconcern with extra-human and extra-mundane deities, these chaunts breathe the very life of piety and the fervor of idealism. They are poetry, not metaphysical definition; elation of spirit, not dogma. But to render them more easily comprehended, and therefore perhaps more heartily acceptable in their noble self-restraint, and rational enthusiasm, it may be well to emphasize the arbitrary sequence in which we here produce them.

Man's consciousness and character appearing to him and for him, and disappearing in due time with equal mysteriousness; the mystery also for him in the particular course allowed them by the world in which they find themselves; these are sung

O life of Man's soul  
 How like unto water!  
 O weird of Man's life  
 How like unto wind.

Then we are asked to meditate on the limitations of man's power of body and mind. Only through successive generations does man even appear to escape them. But the generations are "a chain link in link" and cannot flee from their own law of being and order. They repeat rather the limitations of the "petty round" than pass forth in free spiral or parabola.

But what are in fact these Gods, men have ever yearned to know and dwell with in heaven? They are ideals man must realize on earth. Their only source is man's groping endeavor. They are projections outward of inner aspirations. If they ever

are to be actual reality, we shall have to bring them into being by act; and then we may by metathesis turn our final end into a cause, and call ourselves the children of God!<sup>1</sup> Strictly spoken — the Gods shall yet be children of man. Albeit, to those unknown unreckonable potencies of the Universe let us pay the workship due — for that indeed is their only human use: — to aid man to adore and yearn. They are helps to the exercise of man's highest and noblest powers, or they are nothing to him.

Yet there be Gods — in the sense of functions, faculties and attributes within — whom it behooves us to cultivate, at all events to grant full freedom of play unto greater achievements. And of these mental and sentimental powers Goethe cherishes most Phantasy and Hope — for they set man in human preëminence above the animal.

To them "the moment's cramped mindless existence." To man—prospect and retrospect; free of "mere want and need," to make-believe and enjoy—to find mastery and courage and refreshment in the spirit. And beware lest Wisdom wax overbearing, and cramp Phantasy with petty rules of prudence; or lest in our devotion to Phantasy we disparage the vital Hope through which Phantasy leads on to her own vindication in "high enterprise," and obtains consolation, however often it may fail of deserved fruition in a world that ignores us, furthering or thwarting blindly our intent.

After so much more or less superfluous comment let the noble poems themselves address the reader in the best version we were able to make for him, hoping that he too will accept the challenge and do better if he can!

#### GESANG DER GEISTER UEBER DEN WASSERN

##### *Chant of the Spirits Over the Waters*

The Soul of Man  
Is like unto Water:  
From heaven it falleth,  
To heaven ariseth,

---

<sup>1</sup> The "Word" is *die That*; for the deed alone includes idea, energy and will, and through it only is mind truly made manifest.



And thence to earthward  
In endless round  
Again returneth!

When from sheer crag quick-gusheth  
The flashing stream,  
It breaketh in shimmer  
And glister, and flitteth  
To the smooth sheen rocks  
Below; whence softly  
Updrawn, as a mist-veil  
Forthfluttereth, its mysteries  
Lisping and whispering  
Adown the still deep!

If rough boulders upfling them  
Its onrush to stem,  
Lo, it frotheth and roareth  
From ledge to ledge weltering  
To the bottomless pit;  
Thro' level green valleys  
It dallyeth wistfully —  
And the stars do number  
In wide pools unwrinkled  
Their twinkling array.

The wind is the lusty  
Lover of waters,  
Who the foamcrested billows  
Upstirreth and mingleth.

O, Life of Man's soul,  
How like unto water!  
O, Weird of man's life  
How like unto wind!

#### DIE GRENZEN DER MENSCHHEIT.

##### *Human Limitations.*

When far scattereth the Ancient  
Of days and most holy  
Allfather, freehanded  
From billowing cloudrack,  
The seeds over earth  
Of beneficent lightning —  
I kiss me his vesture's  
Uttermost border,  
The little child's reverent  
Fear in my heart.

For let not the mightiest  
Mete him as fellow  
With beings divine.  
Aloft doth man hurl him  
With proud front to smite  
The heavens — and lo, helpless  
His foot findeth nowhere  
Safe stead, while the welkin  
And wind with him play.

Or, with stout thew astrain  
If he rear him up, stalwart,  
On the fast-founded earth  
Everlasting, — behold,  
Tho' haughty of stature,  
Shall to skyward his reach be  
With the gnarled oak's likened,  
Or the clambering vine's?

What sundereth mankind  
From the Gods thus forever?  
Innumerable the waves fare  
On and on following —  
A flow inexhaustible  
Before them; while us —  
One surge lifteth and swalloweth,  
That we sink into nought.

A petty round, close  
Engirdeth our life;  
And the frequent generations  
Outstretch link in link  
The chain never ending  
Of human existence.

### DAS GÖTTLICHE

#### *The Divine*

High-hearted be Man  
Kindly and good.  
Seeing thereby only  
Preferrèd is he  
Before all beings  
To mortals known.

Hail the loftier Unknown  
Beings whom in awe  
We forefeel! Let man be

After their likeness;  
In them his ensample  
Teach trust and belief!

For, without feeling  
Is Nature; on wicked  
And good forthshineth  
The sun; ay, the mean  
Alike and the worthiest  
Behold the still beauty  
Of moon and of stars.

Whirlwind and flood  
Thunder and hail-storm  
Roar on their way,  
And, hurtling past them,  
Whelm in destruction  
All in their turn.

Even so, blind gropeth  
Luck 'mid the many;  
Now catching the curls  
Of the guileless youngling,  
And now the bald pate  
Of the hoary in guilt.

Girded of laws  
Everduring, adamantine,  
Vast,—all, all  
Must draw to its close  
Their round of existence.

Man only can bring  
To pass the impossible;—  
'Tis he who discerneth,  
Who deemeth and doometh;  
And the vanishing moment  
By his grace may endure.

To man only is granted  
Boon for the worthy,  
Bane for the wicked;  
He healeth, he saveth;  
The astray and wide-strown  
He atoneth in use.

And immortals we worship  
As tho' human they were;  
Wrought in the vast,  
What in the narrower room

The worthiest doeth,  
Or fain would do.

Be the high-hearted man, then  
Both kindly and good!  
Fashioning unwearied,  
The Useful, the Right;  
In truth so foreshadowing  
You beings we divine.

MEINE GÖTTIN

*My Goddess*

To which of the deathless  
Shall the highest praise be?  
I contend not with any,  
Yet proffer my worship  
To the quick-varying  
Ever-young and light-hearted  
Wondrous daughter  
Of Zeus, his darling  
Child — Phantasy!

For unto her freely  
Made he allotment  
Of all moods and whimsies,  
Else sacredly warded  
For him alone;  
And greatly he taketh  
Delight in the antics  
Of his wayward wanton: —

Whether her listeth  
With crown of red rose-buds  
And white lily-sceptre  
To trip it thro' valleys  
Abloom, and queen it  
O'er summery song-birds  
And butterflies, sipping  
The sweet dew, bee-like  
From the heart of the flowers;

Or whether her listeth,  
With loose locks streaming  
And look melancholy,  
In the winds to fling her  
Over beetling crags;  
Or with hues myriad-glinting  
As the morn and the even,—

With ever new aspect  
As the smiles of the morn,  
To reveal her to mortals.

Wherefore laud and thank  
Let us proffer the Ancient  
Of Days, high-exalted,  
The Father, who so lovely  
Never-fading a consort  
Hath accorded us, perishing  
Children of men!

For unto us only  
Hath he lovingly plighted her  
With the troth-ring of heaven, —  
And straitly charged her  
In good days and evil  
As true-hearted helpmeet  
Never to forsake us.

The other poor kindreds —  
Offspring of the Earth  
Living Mother of lives, —  
Roam, raven and feed,  
In the gross joys sordid,  
And the dull brutish anguish  
Of the moment's cramped  
Mindless existence; —  
Bowed low by the yoke  
Of want and of need!

Howbeit unto us, (O  
Joy!) — he hath granted  
His subtlest, much-fondled  
And daintiest daughter.  
Come, graciously meet her  
As best beloved;  
Intreat her to wield  
The sway of our household.

And beware lest step-dame  
Wisdom, unwittingly  
Ruffle her sensitive  
Tender child's spirit.

Albeit, fellowship  
Lief, with her elder  
Soberer sister  
Long have I cherished;



O may she not leave me  
Ere the last ray of life;  
She, to high emprise urger,  
Soul-consoler — kind Hope!

And now after these odes which any reader of poetry must enjoy, whatever his convictions, we would present for his consideration three pieces of a wholly different order. In sixteen stanzas compact, precise, suggestive — that puzzle, provoke, yet allure to repeated trials of strength with their Delphic obscurity — Goethe expresses his maturest views of man, the world and God.

They were none of them translated by Sir Edgar Alferd Bowring, C.B., doubtless "because" in his opinion "the few other pieces included by Goethe under the title of Religion and the World are polemical and devoid of interest to the English reader!" If Bowring has judged rightly, the American reader we fancy is not wholly like his cousin! It was doubtless, however, after sore wrestlings with these pieces that Sir Edgar at break of day discovered they were only of controversial and local interest! For difficult as they are in the original, they become even more so in any version that endeavors to preserve poetic dignity. Too easily would the translator give us arid abstracts without the hypnotic spell-power and the oracular manifoldness of meaning that doth "tease us out of thought" and constitutes orphic poetry. We should have rhymed metaphysics devoid of interest for any except some mind in complete metaphysical agreeement with the author. Our task was undertaken with fear and trembling and executed with perspiring diligence and frenetic rapture. Had there not been for us a personal motive, it is to be feared the reader would not now have his opportunity to exult over our failure. But there was one eager student of Goethe that knows no German, and for whom the work had to be done as well or ill as the Muses and Minerva would permit.

So without effort at self-vindication, we shall proceed to give these sixteen stanzas, eleven prefixed each in turn by prose comment which, if he resent as an impertinence, the offended reader will kindly cross out with editorial bluepencil, and read and re-read the translations all the oftener — with the originals if he can, and is so minded — that he may be tempted to supersede these

efforts, doubtless more laudable for the good intent than for the eventual excellence.

Yet let the reader once more impress on himself, be he Christian Dogmatist, or Atheistic Dogmatist, that we have neither of these twain sorts of cocksure folk in our poet. He is agnostic, but reverently disposed towards any transcendental God; profoundly trustful and devout in attitude towards an immanent God; and indulgent toward all idols — "God-notions" presumed ultimate, externally alive, effective and dominant; for they are but man's intellectual moral, emotional and physical "bests" or ideals, projected illusively for more ardent and loyal service and adoration. Let us peruse then the Proemion as Englished by Bowring:

#### PROEMION

In His blest name, who was His own creation,  
Who from all time makes *making* his vocation;  
The name of Him who makes our faith so bright,  
Love, confidence, activity and might;  
In that One's name, who, named tho' oft He be,  
*Unknown* is ever in Reality:  
As far as ear can reach, or eyesight dim,  
Thou findest but the *Known*, resembling Him;  
How high soe'er thy fiery spirit hovers,  
Its simile and type it straight discovers;  
Onward thou 'rt drawn with feelings light and gay,  
Where'er thou goest, smiling is the way;  
No more thou numb'rest, reckonest no time,  
Each step is infinite, each step sublime.

What God would *outwardly* alone control  
And on his finger whirl the mighty whole?  
He loves the *inner* world to move, to view  
Nature in Him, Himself in Nature too,  
So that what in Him works, and is, and lives,  
The measure of His strength, His spirit gives.

Within us all a universe doth dwell;  
And hence each people's usage laudable,  
That ev'ry one the Best that meets his eyes  
As God, yea e'en *his* God doth recognize;  
To him both earth and heaven surrenders he,  
Fears Him, and loves Him too — if that may be!

*Eins und Alles*, "All and the One" and *Vermächtniss*, "My Legacy" are in the same stanza-form, and are knit together by

common lines, the first stanza of the latter taking up the conclusion reached in the last sestet of the former.

*Urworte*, "Oracular Words" (to which the poet wrote some helpful prose comments), restates in more generic, and by the use of myth and obsolete theory, more imaginative form, the same great doctrine of life, spiritual but not transcendental; deliberately self-limited to this bank of the Styx. Being yet unghosted, if he should take a trip with Charon at all, Goethe insists on returning to the side of body and form, of sense and reason.

"All and the One," "My Legacy" and "Oracular Words" form in the mind's eye a little book of parchment in black letter with golden capitals and cherry-red rubrics — for the pocket of the devout Naturalist. And, any such book of devotion (of hard sayings, hard because to the sayer, final) must be prized by every man whatever his own philosophic label or ecclesiastical niche.

#### ALL AND THE ONE

On the one hand the individual as a selfconscious repellant entity; and on the other hand the many others which for the former in their relative vagueness of particularization (as contrasted with his own vivid, emphatic, unique, certainty to himself) vaguely integrate in a manifold general; and these Twain in eternal antithesis and conflict: Who of ardent sensitive souls does not at times weary of them, and long for total fusion, unity, the absolute of conscious bliss realized in the lapse from separate consciousness? No function is well performed while we are aware of the process. Acute consciousness is for fresh experiments. For the well-trying and mastered — unconscious preformance or rather performance conscious of body ease and soul ease, perfect function and complete life. So this mystic self-surrender seems a finding of the true Self.

#### SELF-SURRENDER.

Ay, self to find in the boundless Vast  
Gladly the One were lost at last,  
All chafe and coil dissolved away;  
No heat of lust, wild will grim set,  
Irksome demand, stern duty's threat;  
Self — yielded up — what ecstasy?

But if it be no illusion that in this experience some Soul of the Whole takes possession of the part, the selfsurrender is not for its own sake surely, but for a taking possession in our turn of the thought which that Soul of the Whole thinks in its very self. Interpenetration, if real, is mutual. And indeed, so have the sages taught. Each brings back to the plane some token of his divine intercourse in the mount, which in turn shall lead his disciples to climb for themselves the steep ascent.

#### ATONEMENT

Soul of the world, come thrill us through !  
 To wrest from the world-mind the True  
     Were chiefest use, then, of our strength.  
 Wind spirits beckon and proffer aid ;  
 To Him who maketh all, and made,—  
     The foremost masters lead at length.

And what do we see from the divine height? A perpetual process of creation! The formless, formed; and form reformed. A perpetual onward, that whatever it aims at—if it aim at all with manlike intelligence and volition—at all events refuses to be arrested at any stage, however noble, of the eternal process.

#### CREATION

To shape again the fashioned shape—  
 Lest stiff, it rear and ramp agape,—  
     Is wrought by th' onward Thrust of life.  
 What was not, now would come to birth  
 In clear bright sun, or motley earth,—  
     But never to rest from change and strife.

And whence this "onward Thrust of life?" Apparently, not from without. An inherent necessity! Yet the type is recurrent through the ever changing forms. And that type would break asunder, and the All become nothing, if anywhere at any time any part should persist in self-identity. For the type is a moving type—a mode itself of motion, which can only continue true to itself in change.

#### EVOLUTION

Live shall they, and press with fashioning strain,  
 The self-framed shape transformed amain ;  
     But somewhiles seem they stayed and still.

The Abiding goeth forth in all:  
For the All to utter Nought must fall  
If held to being with stark self-will.

### MY LEGACY

*Vermächtniss*, My Legacy; my will and testament; whereby I empower you to become child of my spirit; bearing therein my witness to life, and transmitting to you my holiest wisdom; the net result of that hazardous ethical experiment in living I conducted, with as complete a freedom as sane mind and sound heart allow a civilized and cultured man. Wherefore accept my legacy, and use it, for what may be to you its vital worth.

If all is thus in flux — why fear? That which thou lovest about thee if it be as real as thou, must float with thee down the selfsame stream. Set thy heart on things that verily be, and know that the "Eternal" is in the transient; vanished spring returns and the set star rises again. Thou hast no true cause for alarm.

### EXISTENCE

What is — to Nought can nowise fall.  
The Abiding goeth forth in all.  
Thy bliss in *being* then have and hold;  
For Being abideth ever; and laws  
Thy living hoard shall keep, because  
The All decked him therewith of old.

And truth, be sure is never new — though new to thee. What thou findest to be true, call it by whatsoever name thou please, is what from the beginning made human life possible; and has for primal source — that which ordered suns, and planetary orbits — and holds them what they are.

### REASON

Time out of mind, the truth was found,—  
And the high fellowship of souls close-bound.  
Hold fast the eldest Truth, and thank  
O child of earth, for wisdom — One  
Who bade earth wing her 'round the sun,  
Hosting her brethren rank on rank.

As thou hast no right to conceit of the intellect, neither hast thou right to irresponsible wilfulness in conduct. In every be-

ing works its organic law. In thee too it may be discerned by thee; and so from the oracle within, shalt thou get thee guidance for the hour of bewilderment and gloom.

#### CONSCIENCE

Now straightway to within thee turn  
That midmost spot wilt thou discern  
No man of worth can dare gainsay.  
Hast lack there of no rule or 'hest:  
For love — self gotten — of the best  
Is sun unto thy duty's day.

*Das Selbständige Gewissen* — the self-dependent consciousness of one's true nature and interest — will guide thy life so far as the organic and individual being constitute it; but there is a partner to thy life: — the outer world thou must come to know, and estimate through sense and critical intelligence. Observe closely, scrutinize, classify — and use.

So guided by conscience and science the world is thy patrimony — and no ghoul or demon shall say thee nay.

#### UNDERSTANDING

In th' body's wits put childlike faith;  
They cheat not ever with lie or wraith  
Whom the quick mind shall ward from sleep.  
With keen glad eye go mark and learn;  
Fare safe, howso thy path may turn,  
Through a world of wealth far-strown and deep.

Yet beware. The world is thine. But let it not wrest thee from thy true interest. Thy life of retrospect must not be marred. Store thy mind with assimilable memories only. Surfeits and excesses — at the time may be insolently joyful — are loathsome after, and need to be forgotten. Thou wilt have to lose some of thy memories to endure the present; and the obstinate ghosts of retrospect will flee to rearward, only to meet thee in prospect and bar the way with nightmare hideousness. Wherefore, so live the actual life that thy mental life shall be a continuous memorable whole; — that, like a symphony, its end shall be an *encore* of pious gratitude.



PRUDENCE.

In plenty and weal, taste — and forbear,  
Be Heed still bidden, and well aware  
When life of life hath cheer and glee;  
So shall the bygone day abide,  
And time forefeel the unborn tide,  
And the brief Now — forever be!

Yet such living is an art acquired only by practice. Some accidental discords will need resolving. And through these experiments, thou wilt discover the only standard of truth and value: — good and blessed consequences. So, thou wilt learn how dispassionately to observe mankind, that lives no such life as thou fain wouldest: — their conventional choices — their perpetual *da capos* of folly and futility — and shalt be well content with the intimate company of those few, who like thee would make their lives, so much as in them lieth, things of beautiful use: —

WISDOM.

And hast thou got thee skill herein,  
Thoroughly to feel, and surely ween:  
“What fruiteth well alone is true” —  
Behold thou long the common sway —  
What dooms it deemeth on for aye —  
And fellow thee unto the few.

Yet if thou wouldest help them forward, do so not by attempted violence. Like philosophers and poets, take the privilege of directing the currents of their psychic experience into good channels. Surely no more satisfying function, no more delightful expense of vital energy is possible!

VOCATION.

And, as of yore alone and still  
Some work love-born of their own will  
The men of lore and song-craft 'gat,—  
Thou winnest gift most fair: to fashion  
High souls with thine own thought and passion!  
What call or task shall better that?

For lo, thou hast exercised the prophetic office — anticipated their thought and feeling — because thou hast thereto incited them with thine; unconsciously they have accepted thy patterns,

seen by thee in "thy mount" — and as thou aspiredst and didst create — so shall they come to *be* indeed and therefore also in truth.

### URWORTE, ORPHISCH

#### *Oracular Words in Orphic Manner*

And now having made the above "will and testament" to the children of his spirit, he will say farewell to us so far as this paper is concerned in his "Oracular words in Orphic Manner:" Individuality, Environment, Passion, Necessity, and Aspiration; for which the reader needs now no comment. Of course Astrol-ogy, the myth of Primal Eros, and the myth of the three Sisters and their Weird (taken in its Hellenic form) help to give impassioned expression to the philosophy of our non-transcendental Idealist, our glad-hearted, keen-witted Naturalist — the poet of "Faust" Parts First and Second, of "Egmont" and of "Iphigenia in Tauris", in which the life-passion, heroism, and sincerity of the modern soul, have their loftiest poetic expression hitherto vouchsafed the creative spirit of man.

### ΔΑΙΜΩΝ: ΔΑΜΟΝ

#### *The Genius, Individuality, Innate Character*

Yea, as the sun (what day thy life was leant  
The world) did stand each planet's sphere to greet —  
So throv'st thou erst, obedient to thy bent,  
By that same law which hither sped thy feet.  
Such must thou be. None yet his Self outwent,  
This rede sybil and seer of old repeat;  
For never time nor might could break asunder  
The shape seed-hidden, whose life unfolds its wonder.

### TVXH: DAS ZUFÄLLIGE

#### *Luck, Environment*

Yet Somewhat doth with gracious tread outgo  
The straitest bound, and with and round us move.  
Not lonely long; with fellows dost thou grow,  
As oth'r well do, doth thee to do behoove.  
Now for and now against thee falls the throw!  
Thy life a game whose chances thou must prove.  
The years, unnoted, have their ring united,  
And now, the lamp doth lack the flame to light it.

ΕΡΩΣ : LIEBE

*Passion, Love*

Not long it tarrieth. From heaven He flings  
Whereeto He soared out of the primal Void.  
Lo, hither he hovereth on airy wings  
In springtide about brow and breast light-buoyed,  
Feigning to flee, with subtle home-flutterings.  
Then weal is woe—panic with sweetness cloyed.  
Some hearts waste in the many their emotions;  
The noblest to one only vow' th devotion.

ΑΝΑΓΚΗ : NÖTHIGUNG

*Necessity, Fate*

Then once more 'tis—even as the stars deem just:  
Condition and law and the will of all—be will . . . .  
For that alone in sooth we ought and must!  
Each willful wish before that Will hushed still.  
What most we prize from the heart's core we thrust.  
Mood, will and whim the hard "thou shalt" fulfill.  
So fare we yet, in seeming freedom, yearly  
More close beset than erst and hemmed more nearly.

ΕΛΠΙΣ : HOFFNUNG

*Hope, Aspiration*

But from such metes and bounds, such walls of brass  
The stubborn gates unbolt them and unbar,  
Tho' ancient as the hills their rocklike mass.  
A Spirit light-flitteth, untrammelled; lo, we are  
From cloudrack, reek and rain upcaught, and pass  
Breathless with her, given wings of her, afar.  
Ye know her well. No realm her revel may banish.  
One wing beat—and the worlds behind us vanish!

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.

Alameda, California.

## MEDIÆVAL DANISH BALLADS

Of the three Northern countries, sometimes vaguely designated as Scandinavia—a name which properly belongs only to the peninsular comprising Norway and Sweden—but scant positive knowledge may be found here in the United States. Sweden is the land from which soprano singers come—or used to come—women endowed with crystalline voices and virtue equally flawless. And what woman does not admire Swedish gloves? Norway is the land of Ibsen and Grieg—formerly of Ole Bull; there is also a painter of running water, named Fritz Thaulow, who hails from Norway, even though some journalists insist on speaking of him as “this gifted Swede.” Denmark—well, some of us are aware that the author of the “Little Match Girl” and the “Ugly Duckling” was a Dane; not a few people have heard of Niels Finsen who received the Nobel prize for his marvellous discoveries for the curing of lupus; bookmen have read at least some of George Brandes’s volumes, and forgiven him his overpraise of Byron and Moore for his monumental work on Shakespeare. If we happen to be dairy farmers, we can’t help knowing that the Danish butter is the despair of all imitators. And there our information concerning Denmark and whatever is Danish, stops. Unless we be specialists like the late Thomas Randolph Price of Virginia and Columbia Universities, who knew Danish literature like a native, and never tired of repeating that in the nineteenth century it could boast a series of marvellous lyrical poets—from Oehlenschlaeger and Hauch to Drachmann and Roerdam—the only one rivaling that which runs from Shelley and Wordsworth to Tennyson and Christina Rossetti. Price also insisted on the abiding fascination of Danish history, which especially in the Middle Ages was rich in strong characters—Cnut the Great, Absalon, Valdemar Sejr and Margaret—and stirring events. I happen to know that some time before his death he urged the publishers of “The Stories of the Nations” to include in the series a history of Denmark, recommending a thoroughly competent scholar for the work. He was answered

that some one else was already writing such a book. So far, unfortunately, this history has not been published. It is to be hoped that if ever it does appear, it will reveal more knowledge of the subject than that wretched article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which ever since its appearance has been the laughing stock of those competent to judge.

One interesting product of the Danish Middle Ages to which Professor Price particularly drew my attention, was the ballads long spoken of as "*Kaempeviser*" (Songs of fighters or heroes), a name for which later "*Folkeviser*" (Folksongs) was substituted. The change is not a felicitous one. For although those ballads treat not only of fight and fighters, but of love and lovers (and some other matters) as well, the general tone is heroic and aristocratic, and no one doubts that their authors must have belonged to the ruling classes. However, although their scope be somewhat narrow, the poetical value of several of these ballads is indisputably high—in fact, not a few are peerless masterpieces.

From Oehlenschlaeger to Drachmann, the best modern Danish poets have drawn inspiration from these mediæval sources. And apart from their national significance, they have another, more cosmopolitan. Now and then they are little more than Danicized adaptations of subjects handled also by German, Scotch or English ballad writers, both the points of resemblance and those of difference being highly instructive to students of comparative history and philology.

Readers of George Borrow will recall his enthusiasm for the "*Kaempeviser*." Traces of acquaintance with them may also be found elsewhere in English literature. Thus I make no doubt that in Browning's "*How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*," there lingers a reminiscence from one of the sublimest Danish ballads, "*Queen Dagmar's death*." Only what the modern poet needs ten six-lined stanzas to express, the Danish singer accomplishes in two stanzas of four lines each—one of which I shall here quote from memory: When he (King Valdemar Sejr, who while in the city of Randers has been informed that his wife, Dagmar, is dying in Ribe)—

When he rode out of Randers  
An hundred squires followed him;  
When he came to Ribe bridge,  
The king, he rode alone.

Yet strange to say no fully satisfactory edition of these ballads has so far existed. The earliest known compilations were made in the sixteenth century by men and women almost totally devoid of poetical and linguistic competence; later editors betrayed little more insight, until the latter half of the nineteenth century the task was taken in hand by Professor Svend Grundtvig, a son of the celebrated poet, theologian and reformer, Bishop Grundtvig. The professor began a complete edition of the ballads, but did not live to finish it. After his death the labor, at his wish, was entrusted to Dr. H. Olrik and Dr. Ernst von der Recke, whose time and thought it still occupies. Of these two eminent scholars, Dr. Olrik is mainly concerned with the investigation of the sources of ballads, while to Dr. von der Recke has fallen the duty of giving to each of them a final form, the one in which it should henceforth be known to the public at large. By this I do not mean to imply that Dr. Olrik offers no poetical suggestions whatsoever, nor that Dr. von der Recke refrains from all criticism of the original manuscripts — which is far from being the case. But in the main the purely philological labors are performed by the former, the artistic criticism and arrangement by the latter. And no one could be better fitted for such a task than Dr. von der Recke, who not only is a lyrical and dramatic poet of note, but excels in metrical learning. Students of the *Hildebrand Lied* will know that his researches on the metre of this poem are considered epoch-making by German authorities.

The Danish ballad literature had undoubtedly a period of crude beginnings, of which, however, nothing positive is known. After that came its age of noble achievement which extends from about 1200 to 1350 A. D. From then begins the decay which throughout a century and a half betrays itself in over-embroidering and ornamentation of the great work of the preceding period, as well as in imitative and reminiscent performances, occasionally brilliantly executed, but almost always devoid of deeper



originality and spontaneity. From about 1500 A. D. all first and even second-hand production ceases, giving way to pure compilation and adaption, often in the worst possible taste.

Now it should be understood that in not a single case is anything like the original draft of a ballad preserved, none of the manuscripts in which they have reached us being older than the sixteenth century. In a newly published volume — *Nogle Folkeviseredactioner. Bidrag til Visekritiken*, Copenhagen, 1906 (*i.e.* Some ballads re-edited. Contributions to the Criticism of the Ballads) — which comes as an earnest of what the ultimate result of the author's labors will be, Dr. von der Recke allows us to follow the process by which he gradually winnows the best possible text from the rubbish heap of later elaborations. For his aim is not the impossible one of reconstructing an hypothetical embryo, which almost inevitably would be a very uncouth affair. Rather he endeavors to set forth the ballad as it must have appeared when, on its wandering down the ages, it just left the tenderly nursing hands of one of those true poets whose existence in the thirteenth century countless beautiful stanzas sufficiently indicate.

It follows that what Dr. von der Recke gives, is, as it were, an ideal, the all but flawless perfection of which may never have existed at any moment of the Middle Ages. For close students of literature cannot fail to have observed that the highest creative faculty, and the absolutely flawless technique, are rarely — if ever — indissolubly wedded. Some of these ballads may have been known during the "golden age" in nearly the form in which Dr. von der Recke now presents them. It remains probable, however, that not a few traits, of secondary importance no doubt, but none the less of material assistance in heightening the color, have been added later by the very same writers who in other places made damaging alterations. But as every scrap of the sources is or will be reprinted in the complete edition, it is well that there should also be furnished such an unfailing standard of the measuring and weighing of all this matter as the one constructed by Recke. As the ten ballads appear in the present volume, they are neither more nor less than poetry of the very highest kind. Especially beautiful seems to me the tragical tale of "Little

Kirsten." Anent this ballad Dr. von der Recke has occasion to show that his critical acumen extends far beyond the purely poetical realm. For closely connected with "Little Kirsten" — the story of an alleged sister of King Valdemar the Great — is a tradition which assigns to the same princess and her supposed lover, Buris, a still extant tomb at Vestervig in Jylland, Denmark. Historians of repute, learned students of mediæval architecture and other scholars, have stared upon this tomb, made elaborate pictures and descriptions of it, pondered and argued — all out of the set belief that the tomb was really and truly that of the unhappy loving couple. And now comes Dr. von der Recke, copies, reads and interprets the inscription on the tombstone — for there is an inscription! — and proves that it contains no reference whatsoever to Kirsten and Buris, but commemorates a brother and sister buried beneath, whose very names — Thyre and Tove — should have sufficed to enlighten the wiseacres of their ludicrous delusion. After reading Dr. von der Recke's witty argument, no sensible person will for a moment doubt that he is right: Kirsten and Buris are purely mythical — which does not prevent the ballad about them from being, as already stated, a most delightful production.

All interested in mediæval poetry should read Dr. von der Recke's book, which is written in a terse, straightforward style, free from all learned pedantry.

MICHAEL DUNN.

New York City

## GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS

George Rainsford Fairbanks was born in Watertown, in northern New York, July 5, 1820, and died at his summer home at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, August 3, 1906, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., with the class of 1839, at the age of nineteen, receiving later the degree of M.A., both from his *alma mater* and from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. While at college he was a member of the parent chapter of the Sigma Phi fraternity, founded in 1827, one of the first and oldest of the organizations that constitute the Greek letter society system, in our colleges, now spread over the United States. In 1842 he was admitted to the bar in New York State. In this year, 1842, upon the cessation of the internal wars in Florida, that territory offered special attractions to immigrants, and in the same year the young man of twenty-two removed from New York State to the Southern Territory. This was three years before Florida was admitted to the Union, and he remained a citizen of the latter Territory and State for the next sixty-four years. A long span of years, as American history goes — born under James Monroe, he was a citizen of Florida from the administration of John Tyler to that of Theodore Roosevelt.

He first settled in historic St. Augustine, but later made his home in Fernandina. He became closely identified with the State of his adoption. For four years (1842-46), during the territorial days, he was clerk of the United States Superior and District Courts for the northern district of Florida; and the year after Florida's admission to the Union in 1845, he was a member of the State Senate (1846-48). He held other positions and was at one time President of the Fruit Growers Association of the State.

Early attracted to the romantic history of Florida, he became the historian of the State. His first published book, expanded from a lecture, was the "History and Antiquities of the City of

St. Augustine, Florida, Founded A. D. 1565. Containing some of the most interesting portions of the Early History of Florida. By George R. Fairbanks, Vice-President of the Florida Historical Society. New York, Charles B. Norton, Agent for Libraries, 1858." This volume of two hundred pages was "Respectfully inscribed to Buckingham Smith, Esq., United States Secretary of Legation at Madrid, To whose efforts in the Discovery and Preservation of the History and Antiquities of the Spanish Dominion in America, a grateful acknowledgement is due from American scholars."

This edition becoming exhausted, after the Civil War, apropos of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Augustine, a new chapter (XIX) was added, "St. Augustine in its Old Age, 1565-1868," and the volume was re-issued in 1868, under the title, "The Spaniards in Florida, comprising the notable settlement of the Huguenots in 1564, and the History and Antiquities of St. Augustine." The new volume was published in Jacksonville by Columbus Drew, and the author was further described on the title-page as Honorary Member of the New York Historical Society and Lecturer on American History in The University of the South. This institution had just opened that year, in 1868.

This was followed in 1871 by the more ambitious "History of Florida, From its Discovery by Ponce De Leon, in 1512, to the close of the Florida War in 1842 [the time of the author's arrival in the Territory]. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott and Co., and Jacksonville, Columbus Drew." A third edition of the "History and Antiquities of St. Augustine" was published by Horace Drew, Jacksonville, in 1881. Always interested in *THE SEWANEE REVIEW* Major Fairbanks contributed to the number for November, 1895, a paper, apropos of John Fiske's "Discovery of America," on "Americus Vesputius and the naming of America." On the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of the first discovery of Florida still another work by him was published by H. and W. B. Drew, Jacksonville, in 1898. This was "Florida, Its History and Its Romance. The oldest settlement in the United States, associated with the most romantic events of American History under the Spanish, French, En-

glish, and American flags, 1497—1898." A third edition brought down to 1903, including an account of the Jacksonville fire, was issued as a special School History for Florida in 1904, when the author was eighty-four years of age. A year later, still indefatigable, he wrote and published his "History of The University of the South."

When Florida seceded in January 1861, he believed it his duty to throw in his lot with the State and the Confederacy. With his experience and practical sense he served from 1862 to the close of the war in the Commissary Department of the Army of Tennessee, with headquarters chiefly at Atlanta and Macon, ranking as Major—a title, ever afterwards, according to Southern custom given to him even in private life. Acquiescing in defeat, he sought at once in a broad and liberal spirit of reconciliation to obtain the best and to do the best for the rehabilitation and recuperation of the Southern States.

An ardent member of the Episcopal Church, he was continuously a delegate from the Diocese of Florida to the General Convention of the Church from 1853 on—ever since Florida had been organized as a separate diocese in 1851—and it was his pride that he had never once failed in attendance during his long life. The exception—if exception it be—was when, owing to the existence of a state of war, the delegates from Florida met with the representatives from the sister Southern States in a General Council of the Church in the Confederate States. At the Convention meeting in 1904 in Boston he was specially singled out as the oldest representative of that body, in unremitted attendance for over half a century. In the same year he attended a celebration at his *alma mater*, Union College, on the sixty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of his class of '39, naturally the only survivor at that distance of time.

In 1857 on July 4, the national holiday, on Lookout Mountain, the plan of The University of the South had been promulgated and formal organization effected at a notable meeting of representatives of ten Southern States—the conception of what was intended, transcending all State lines, to be the first great inter-State institution for the higher education of the youth of a grand division of our country. Such a plan naturally fired the

feelings of a man with Major Fairbanks' training and instincts, and from that time on it may rightly be said to have become the leading interest and aim of his life to which he devoted unceasing energy. He was appointed at once delegate and trustee from Florida for the proposed institution; and it was a point of honor that he had been present in session at every meeting of its Board for forty-nine years, including the one in 1906, before his death.

He was a staunch believer in the fundamental principles of The University of the South—a federated institution representing the interests of several States and covering a large extent of territory. He shared in the first splendid planning, and endured the fearful blight that came upon these prospects when everything was swept away through the tragedy of war. Together with Charles Todd Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee, he became the chief agency in the revival of its plans and in its noble history from the humblest beginnings in 1868.

Interestingly enough, and representative of the catholic spirit in the University's origin and development and the cosmopolitan character that has always adhered to it, the two men to whom was primarily due the refounding and reorganization and hence the actual existence of the University of the South, were both of Northern birth and education—Quintard from Connecticut, and Fairbanks from New York State. Quintard had settled first in Georgia and then in Tennessee, had been present at the original corner-stone laying in 1860, had gone through the war in the dual capacity of chaplain and surgeon, and in the first Church Convention held after the war was chosen Bishop of Tennessee to succeed Otey who had died in 1863. In 1860 Major Fairbanks had already built a cottage at Sewanee, together with two of the original founders of the University, Bishop, and later General, Leonidas Polk of Louisiana and Bishop Stephen Elliott of Georgia; but all these cottages had been burned by soldiers' raids in 1863.

With all endowment swept away—three millions had been in sight and the first five hundred thousand pledged—and with nothing but bare land, woods and rocks left, and these in danger of loss by reversion unless soon utilized, the great idea of the University still exercised its spell. Shortly after the close of the



war, in September, 1865, when all hearts and minds in the South were anxiously busied with rehabilitation and reconstruction everywhere, Fairbanks, with another Trustee, and Quintard, the Bishop soon to be, met on the train not far from Nashville, going to the Convention that made Quintard a bishop. The project of the University of the South at Sewanee was earnestly discussed, the collapse of old plans and hopes, and the possibility of still cherishing and restoring the ideals of the founders, which alone had not perished. The result was that the very next summer, in 1866, both Fairbanks and Quintard built homes side by side at Sewanee in what was then an actual wilderness. The two modest log houses were literally hewn out of the living forest; and the original of Major Fairbanks' house, made of the native timber sawed at the ends and firmly cemented together, still remains after forty years in sound condition, an interesting portion of the present attractive home. The courageous act of planting these two homes and the particular location of the two houses determined not only the new birth and the realization of the University, but the precise location of the official buildings and all later structures. From 1867 to 1880, during the first years of the laying out of the University domain and the period of its early wooden buildings down to the time of the erection of the first two stone structures, Major Fairbanks was the University Commissioner of Buildings and Land.

Major Fairbanks had been for many years the sole survivor of the original founders of the University before the War. Half the year he would spend in Florida and the other half at his summer home in Sewanee. As late as his eighty-fifth year, when many men would have rested, he completed a "History of The University of the South, From its Founding in 1857 to the year, 1905," the earlier chapters of which he alone could write from personal knowledge, even though he had not the same intimate command over the details of later years. This work was noticed in our pages by Dr. DuBose in the number for October, 1905, under the caption, "The Romance and Genius of a University."

He had been honored in recent years by being made President of the new Florida Historical Society in 1903 and Histori-

ographer of the University of the South in 1905, and just before his death, representing Union College at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the University of Alabama in June, 1906, he was awarded the honorary degree of LL. D. His library on early Florida history and Spanish relations has been willed to the University of the South. He was buried in the cemetery at Sewanee near the grave of his neighbor and co-worker, Bishop Quintard.

Major Fairbanks being thus identified with interests in many states, North and South, it is believed that the tribute paid him by the senior member of the Sewanee faculty before the students of the University of the South may be fittingly published in these pages, as a memorial of a characteristic patriotic and high-minded citizen of our Republic, who served his country modestly, yet conscientiously and devotedly, in State and in Church, in historical interests and in educational endeavor, as seemed always to him best and right. Faithfulness to duty and firmness in principle were strikingly marked traits in an exceptionally long life in which he was associated with many stirring events and many notable men.

THE EDITOR.

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In the providence of God a moment has come to us in the history of this University and of this community which we may not let pass without reflection and without, if possible, interpretation and appropriation to ourselves of its lesson. I describe it inadequately when I speak of it as the passing of the last of our founders. I find myself this morning the oldest official in any way associated with this institution. There is not, I believe, a member of our Board of Trustees or our Faculties, or our business management, the origin of whose connection with us I cannot easily remember. I have been made to recognize the propriety of my undertaking to be the interpreter of the occasion that draws all our hearts so close together to-day. On Friday afternoon last there was in this chapel, and in the offices of this University, one to whom I was but as a child, — not so much

in years as in length and depth and devotion of service and of sacrifice for Sewanee.

I was scarcely more than a school-boy when I first heard of the conception of the University of the South. The story of its founding was a part of the romance and poetry of my youth. It was a large part of the conditions, aspirations, and hopes of the time that first drew my heart and thoughts into the ministry. While I was yet only a young dreamer of far-off things, Major Fairbanks in the very flower and prime of his early manhood was one of the very first to lay his hand, and to consecrate his life, to this great enterprise. No one knows how great it was, in the conception and in the intention of those first founders. Major Fairbanks was probably the youngest of them, and he was a layman. But from the beginning it was not only his dream, his deepest interest and concern in life, it was his religion. It was the form which all his public spirit, his service to his country, his time, and his God, took and kept with unrivalled devotion and fidelity to his last breath, within just these few months of the inauguration of our second half century. Like Moses, his eyes were permitted to look from the Pisgah of our present hopes beyond the borders of the promise that awaits us, but his feet shall not enter with ours into the land that lies before. God has prepared for him a better country; he died not having received the promises to which he so looked forward here, but being still convinced of them. Let his faith fall to-day as a mantle upon us, and let it re-enforce and strengthen our faith to wait and at last to inherit.

In consequence of the completeness of his identification with the project of the University, Major Fairbanks became the intimate associate of all the great Bishops and others whose names are bound up with our history. He was never absent from a single meeting; he became guardian and keeper of all the records. He was saturated with all the traditions, all the ideals, all the plans. He came to be the incarnation or embodiment of the original meaning and intent of Sewanee. His last labor of love was to write its history, at the age of over four-score years.

After our great civil war, forty years ago, some of us made it a matter of principle and of loyalty to the lost cause to stand

very close, in life and in death, to the person of our one Confederate President. We felt that whatever more or whatever else might be said of any other, he was the man who incarnated the cause. We had the feeling that if his heart could have been taken out, or could ever be exhumed, there would be found inscribed upon it the Confederacy, for which he lived and suffered, and for which he would have died. That one great expression or embodiment of our common devotion was all we remembered, and our right arm should lose its cunning or ever we forget it. We need not to exhume the faithful heart so late buried from our sight, to know what is written upon it, and while Sewanee remains true to her origin, her traditions, her ideals, her destiny, the longest, the most constant, the most single-minded and pure-hearted expression and embodiment of faithfulness and loyalty to her cause will not be effaced from her memory.

It might seem to some of you a very easy and simple thing to have retained so long and so faithful a devotion to the best interests of Sewanee. Perhaps there are many of us who feel that we ourselves would have done the same. Well, I have seen a little bit myself of what it *was* for a man like Major Fairbanks to keep faith and heart in this University, and to preserve a steady, even, straight way through some of the stages of its history and of his own experiences—and I want to say that I do not believe there are many of us who could have come through as he did, and been to the last the man who knelt with us here last Friday, and passed out of earthly consciousness with mind and heart and hopes and faith so full of all that makes for the peace and good of this institution. We must remember that our plans and our hopes here have undergone death and resurrection, and that these are not words, grammatical vocables, and nothing more. We must remember that our resurrection was not to the fullness and abundance, and to the strength and vitality and hopefulness of the old life to which we had forever died. We must remember, too, that the great ideas and conceptions and plans which had become so large part of Major Fairbanks' very mental, moral, and spiritual constitution, had not only to experience resurrection but to undergo revolution. The institution that was ready to start before the war was not the institution that started

after the war. To have set out with the largest, completest, most ideal conceptions, and with the possession and expectation of the amplest means for executing and realizing them; and to have to come down to the paltriest beginnings and the total absence of any means at all; to feel the needs, intellectual and spiritual, greater and more pressing than ever, the conceptions truer, the ideals more vital and more matter of life and death with us in our adversity than ever they had seemed in our prosperity; and then year by year to be made to experience only more and more the inadequacy of faith and endurance alone for the achievement of results that of necessity must be more tangible and material, if their ends were ever to be accomplished;—all this may have been very needful discipline for results as yet hidden in the impenetrable future; but they were not easy to endure or to survive at the time. But this was not at all the worst.

In the attempting great things with little or no means, there inevitably comes about this difficulty and evil: in doing the thing we can, we will sometimes not only fall short of but actually contravene, and contradict or seem to contradict, the thing we should—and would if we could. A conflict ensues between the impracticable better and the practicable lesser or worse. The man who has to do the acting is charged with sacrificing the higher ideal to the lower expedient. The man who does the criticising or leads the opposition is charged with being a traditionalist, or reactionist or obstructionist, or with being visionary and impractical. There is more or less of truth and justice in both charges, and exaggeration and excess on both sides. The representative of the possible, and the expedient, and the "best that can be done" will come not unnaturally to weaken in his sense and appreciation of the high claims of the other side, the ideal and impracticable. And the latter will underrate the necessities of action, and the reasons for the merely possible best, or best possible. Poverty and weakness in the days that are past have rendered us liable to such troubles. There have been questions of principle and questions of policy, and all sorts of questions, upon which there have been differences. Major Fairbanks was never outside of any question that involved the interests or the character or the meaning and purposes of this



University. He was not always agreed with or listened to; he was not always understood or appreciated; it goes without saying that he was not always right in his opinions or positions; this University has worn out and killed many a good man in the making of it—but through it all Major Fairbanks lived out his life in and for it, and died at last still fully alive and wide awake in its service. More and more his silent endurance and survival of all the trials that beset himself or assailed his trust; his consistency, his integrity, his fidelity, won him the assured place which he has honorably occupied for years past—the patriarch of Sewanee, the conserver of its traditions, the exemplar of its undying faith.

I have spoken of Major Fairbanks wholly in his relation with the University, and the University in connection with him. It is due to some of us to say something of him in his relation with this community, the old permanent community of Sewanee. He was the first of us here, living or dead. He established, I believe, the first *home* on this domain—the first before the war, and when that was destroyed, then the first again after the war. This may not be literally true, only in case he was not before, but only side by side with, Bishop Quintard in this matter. It was his peculiar distinction that he was always side by side, and up with, the second Founder of Sewanee, as he had been with the first. But he was the builder of the first home now standing in our midst, and what ought the logs of that old home to mean and be to us! Has there been another built since that—that through all these trying and faithful years could better stand with us for all the best our old home life ever was, for all we should pray and hope our home life may ever continue to be!

Friday evening before the last, as I said, Major Fairbanks knelt with us for the last time in this chapel. He was the builder of it and the author of every change it has undergone in its eventful history. On his way home he met the Vice-Chancellor and by his request went into his office to act for the last time in his time-honored capacity of counsellor and adviser. His head was upon the maps of the University, its business in his hand, its interests upon his heart, when the change came which forever



closed his consciousness to terrestrial affairs. In the old home — the first Sewanee home — he lay for several days, only just aware of the love that enveloped him by day and night, and of the sacred offices that ministered to him for the last time here the bread of life and commended his soul to God who gave it. On Friday evening he was borne into this chapel once again for his last office in it. Well might it, and most appropriately, utter along with him its *Nunc Dimittis*. Like him it has performed its part — and what a part! What is there of it that he did not put here? When was he ever voluntarily absent from one single service in it? His remains were borne by reverent and loving hands into that cemetery that yearly grows more sacred to us. What is there *there* that does not speak to us of him? As of everything else that meets our eyes on this mountain, he was, more than all the rest of us put together, the layer out and maker and keeper of it. There is nothing here that did not know and own him in it. There is nothing here that does not and will not feel and mourn his loss.

WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE.

The University of the South.

## REVIEWS

### A CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

GEORGE RUNDLE PRYNNE. By A. Clifton Kelway. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

The facility with which incongruities are changed into congruities is the most fascinating problem which confronts the student of history. Dates and facts are without doubt the A B C of that study, but the adult mind rejoices rather in the ever varying view points, the unexpected tergiversations of popular opinion ever ready to cast aside old forms and standards and substitute in their place undreamt of criteria.

The pious protestant of 1852 blanched and shuddered at Prynne's introduction of such devilish devices as collection bags in place of plates, and at his clothing himself at preaching-time in the popish surplice. Little did that outraged individual dream that his descendants could stand quietly by and see such deeds perpetrated. But not only in things ritualistic have opinions changed, but equally so in matters theological—a point which such excellent scholars as H. O. Wakeman forget when writing about the triumph of the Tracts for the Times.

In 1869, just twenty-seven years before he was joyfully hailed by a vast majority of his countrymen as the ideal man for the Archbishopric, Temple's elevation to the See of Exeter was regarded by a great number of people as a blight upon the Church. Pusey, whose deliverances voiced the feelings of many learned and thoughtful men wrote on that occasion protesting against "the horrible scandal of the recommendation of the editor of 'Essays and Reviews' to be a Christian Bishop." And yet, we repeat, this unchristian editor was within twenty-six years the accepted leader of the English Church, and accepted even by Pusey's intellectual descendants.

Of this transitoriness of the formal side of life we are reminded by the book which has been put in our hands for review. Considered in itself, the book is poorly written, devoid of style, and lacks painfully the necessary element of a well worked out arrangement. But though indifferently

done, and upon an unimportant personage, it is, however, of considerable value in its giving what its sub-title calls "A chapter in the early history of the Catholic Revival." Doubtless for those to whom the daily Eucharist foreshadows the "victory of the Anglican Communion," the story is of surpassing interest, but for the world at large it can be of interest only in its picturing to them the egregious narrowness of the average Churchman of sixty years ago. For the specialist, as we have just said, it should be valuable; its portrayal of a phase of the so-called Oxford Movement can not fail to attract attention.

George Rundel Prynne was probably never heard of by the world at large, barring the moments when his name figured in the legal columns of the papers; the story of his life can be compressed within a single sentence. For fifty-five years he was Vicar of St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, and made himself locally notorious by commencing during the cholera scourge of 1849 the daily celebration of the Eucharist.

He belongs to that glorious company of self-sacrificing men who spend themselves for the good of the small community in which they live. He was not a great man, the comparative smallness of his work giving evidence of that; though the author of his biography frequently drops in remarks upon the unfairness of Prynne's never having received preferment. But the law of supply and demand is never violated, no matter how extraordinary some men may appear to their admirers. It is a significant thing that big men never do extreme things; the history of state and church requires a searching examination into the careers of the small "fry" whose all too great willingness to resort to excesses is cautiously made use of by the really able ones, but never participated in. Such was the relation of Prynne to Pusey. He reminds us in many ways of T. T. Carter, though a perusal of the life of each leads to the conclusion that Carter was the larger man.

As for actual points of interest in the book before us, the description of the row — "row" is the only word it deserves — which occurred when Bishop Philpotts came to confirm at St. Peter's, is exceedingly interesting to those who study English prejudices (pp. 108-110).

The account of the prosecution carried on against him on the charge of conducting compulsory confession (in 1852), and the overwhelming interest felt and vociferously voiced by the *hoi polloi*, give us a picture of real vividness and suggestiveness. How impossible such scenes would be in indifferent religious America! We cannot pass by without commending to all who are prone to put the importance of ritual above that of canonical discipline, the account of his submission to his bishop on the question of the ceremonial use of incense (pp. 175-181). He was a typical example of the level-headed extremist. Would there were more of them in this controversial world!

We regret that such a man should have been "written up" by one whose bias is so evident on every page. The frequent repetition of such expressions as "the Sacrament of Penance in the English Church has become a regular part of the work in so many parishes" (p. 16); "the great Sacrifice was continually pleaded during the early hours of the day" (p. 196); "So vital a doctrine as the Sacrament of Penance" (p. 116) — the frequent usage of such terms show the reader unmistakably the ultra-partisanship of the author. We conclude as we began. The book is worth reading for two classes of people: Those who specialize upon the development of theological thought, and those particularly interested in the Oxford Movement.

ARTHUR R. GRAY.

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DOCUMENTS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES

It is perhaps one of the failings of our Southern culture that in contrast with our appreciation of the spoken word we are apt to neglect the written words of the past. How much this failing has hurt the history of the South it is hard even to surmise. We therefore welcome such signs as appear in the publication of State archives, which is now being carried on in more than one of our Southern States. In the last number of *THE SEWANEE REVIEW* we congratulated the State of Mississippi on the results of Mr. Dunbar Rowland's excellent work.

Of even wider interest, however, are the two compilations to which we now desire to invite attention.

The first of these is a publication of the United States Government, Senate Document No. 234, Fifty-Eighth Congress, second session, which contains, in seven large volumes, a complete reprint of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, 1861-1865. The first volume gives the five sessions of the Provisional Congress, held in 1861 and 1862, and that of the Convention of February 28 - March 11, 1861, to frame a permanent Constitution of the Confederate States. In the second and third volumes are contained the proceedings of the Senate of the First Congress during the four sessions, the last of which was in 1864. The next two volumes cover the same journal during the two sessions of the Second Congress, in 1864 and 1865. The fifth, sixth and seventh volumes comprise the Journal of the Lower House for the same period. Each volume has an index and the last a general index to the whole work.

Here one may discover in the light of contemporary documents the work that the Confederate Congress accomplished, or failed to accomplish. Especially interesting, of course, are the recorded votes, the reports of Committees and the messages of the President. The work is well printed, and is without introduction or any explanatory notes.

The second compilation, which is a private undertaking, is second in importance only to the one which we have just noticed. Ten years ago, Hon. James D. Richardson, a member of Congress from Tennessee, was authorized by Congress to prepare and edit "A Compilation of the Messages and Papers of the Presidents," which has proved of great value to the student of United States history. The same gentleman now has edited a somewhat similar work entitled "A Compilation of the Messages and Papers of the Confederacy including the Diplomatic Correspondence 1861-1865." This work is in two volumes, published by the United States Publishing Company of Nashville. The title is rather misleading, as only the official papers of President Davis are included. These make up the first volume, while the second contains the diplomatic correspondence.

We regret that even the Presidential papers are not complete,

though the editor assures us that "The only omission of any passage has been in the case when it contained simply a formal nomination without comment." The book is popularized by introducing biographies, sketches and photographs of General Lee, the President, the Vice President and the three Secretaries of State. These seem hardly to belong to a work of this kind, nor is there any *raison d'être* except that of commercial advantage for the "encyclopædic articles" which in the index to volume one "are intended to furnish the reader definitions of politico-historical words and phrases some of which occur in the papers of the chief Magistrate or to develop more fully questions or subjects to which only indirect reference is made or which are but briefly discussed by him." It should be said, however, that these notes are less exclusive than in Mr. Richardson's former compilations and have the merit of impartiality.

Taken together these works bring into easy reach of all a very important part of the sources for the history of the Confederate Government. It is to be hoped that the States will provide for the collection and publication in full of all the materials in their archives which relate to this critical period.

ST. GEORGE L. SIOUSSAT.

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#### CONTEMPORARY DRAMATIC CRITICISM AND ESSAYS

ICONOCLASTS: A BOOK OF DRAMATISTS. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

HERETICS. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. 1905.

DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

Perhaps it is no more than natural that a "movement" in poetry or novel-writing or the drama should be followed by a corresponding "movement" in criticism — especially since criticism, the newer interpretative criticism, takes sympathy for its first canon of method. Therefore one is not astonished to see that these last critics of the new drama are in their criticism themselves



afflicted with the new symptoms. There is much of the chaotic impressionism of their subjects in their styles and treatment. Mr. Chesterton suggests that the world is impatient to-day of system and generalization and philosophy; that a man must have an intelligent opinion of Botticelli or of Richard Strauss, but that it is unfashionable to entertain theories of the universe or to study the problem of an ultimate unity or a scheme of human redemption. "Everything matters — except everything." And it may be so, but I venture to say that the explanation is not to be found in a late-evolved æsthetic instinct which is supra-rational, or a neurotic predilection for the congenial cult, or any other pretty string of obfuscation. No! it is simply that our minds are a little paralyzed these days by the infinity of unassorted facts. We are too dazed and uncertain to pick out the essentials and to lay strong and deep foundations for universal superstructures. Every man his own architect; and so modern art is a conglomerate of individual cottages, designed with a varied eccentricity, and not a gloriously consistent temple of many minds united to produce a true and revealing plan. Doubtless we shall recover our balance. We shall become accustomed to the multiplicity of detail in modern thought. We shall again have an art founded upon the rock. But just now it is difficult to see any common solid-ground, any common law or principle of art obeyed by these dramatists whom all the world is talking of: — Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Oscar Wilde, Pinero, D'Annunzio, Stephen Phillips, Maeterlinck, Gorky, Hervieu. Yet, go to the play, open a volume of any one of these, and undeniably here is something vital — a hint, suggestion, psychic current in some; good characterization, strong situations, fine poetry in others. As a development, a school, a point of view, they are obscure and contradictory; as revolutionists and literary non-conformists, they are brilliant and even vaguely convincing.

Mr. Huneker's book is vastly entertaining, though distinctly superficial. I say superficial, not because his study is far from the exhaustive treatise such as usually bears the legend, "Translated from the German" — for that he does not pretend it to be — but because he is begrudging of quotation-marks, and that is

ungenerous, not to say unscrupulous. I say entertaining, because he writes gasconading English that is wonderfully costumed. It gets on the nerves after much continuous reading and it is borne in upon one that it is because he strives too eagerly after the effective paradox, the piquant phrase. However, he is undeniably successful in his striving, and any restless soul who loves the trail of the meteor more than the steadfastness of the star will enjoy these sparkling estimates. The Ibsen chapters are the best and the D'Annunzio the poorest.

The "Heretics" are as entertaining as their kin "Iconoclasts". Mr. Chesterton has a power of academic slang that does not fail to amuse. He, too, seeks to discover that we do not know what we think, that the dross is, after all, the gold and that black is not opposite to white, as most careless folk have hastily believed. He talks about Bernard Shaw very cleverly and very merrily. "Science and the Savages" and "Slum Novelties and the Slums" are typical chapter headings. He concludes that "there are no rationalists. We all believe fairy-tales and live in them."

Edward Everett Hale, Jr., announces that his book is an "informal discussion," but this deliberate informality of a scion of an ancient New England lineage is much more punctilious than the seriousness of the two bohemian literateurs. Mr. Hale writes quite differently from the neighbors I have given him. He is lucid, clear, and rides a less exciting steed. At his last page we feel that we have not been so exhilarated as by the effervescence of the others, but, upon reflection, perhaps there has been more of lasting usefulness.

There are many smart things in all these books, and some fundamentally true things. The final impression is that modern drama is rocking uneasily, that it has not yet found itself, and that modern dramatic criticism has much the same invalidity. We need more sanity, and less originality, for authors think more of their reputation than of their art. "Art for art's sake," as practically applied, results in art for artists' sake.

HUGER JERVEY.

## TWO BOOKS OF BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE

SIR WALTER SCOTT. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated. Literary Lives, edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

At first blush this biography looks as if it had been hurriedly jotted down. And perhaps it was so. But Mr. Lang has been reading and editing and writing about Scott since infancy, and it was not difficult for him to tell the tale straight on. As we read, this becomes a virtue in the book. Mr. Lang is sure of his man, he is a Scott enthusiast and isn't ashamed to be. It is the other fellow he pities. He tells us placidly, and gets a good deal of enjoyment out of it, that really to love Scott you must be a Scotsman—have known these spots from infancy and have read the stories from boyhood. Faults in detail there are a plenty to point out in his hero's works—but what of that? It makes Scott all the more human, and, in the end, to be what he was despite these, heroic. Not even Scott's poetry deters our author. If you were only young or Scotch, you wouldn't apologize, but your heart would beat faster to the thrill of the movement and description of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which Mr. Lang regards as Scott's chief poetic expression.

It wouldn't be Mr. Lang's book without a due proportion of *obiter dicta*. Here is a characteristic one apropos of the "Lay:" "Scott knew nothing at all (nor do I) about the 'the iambic dimeter, freely altered by the licenses of equivalence, anacrusis, and catalexis;' to him these terms were 'bonny critic's Greek' and as unintelligible as, to Andrew Fairservice, was 'bonny lawyer's Latin.'" Now that Scott had scored his success in the "Lay" and begun with "Waverley," Mr Lang is anxious for him to go on with the new form and not wait nearly ten years before he lets it appear. How easily we could give up "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and the rest of these poems for a sheaf more of Waverly novels!

One chapter on Scott's ancestry and youth, two on the period of the ballads and poems—Mr. Lang brings out admirably the close relation between the ballad spirit and these poems—and three chapters on the great novels, the best part of the book: this is the division of the work. Away we go, but somehow Mr. Lang carries us with him, interests us, and in the main

convinces us, even though we arrive in the end breathless. It is something after the prodigal manner of Scott's own writing—in haste, seemingly, but coming to the task only after a lifetime of preparation through his knowledge of Scotch legends, Scotch life, and Scotch manners. Where Mr. Lang is at his happiest is in his frequent comparisons and analogies based upon wide reading and a good memory: *e. g.* points of resemblance between the poems and the novels, as the song of the distraught Blanche in "The Lady of the Lake" with the singing of Madge Wild-fire in the "Heart of Midlothian;" the resemblance of the situation in Tennyson's "Maud" with that in the "Bride of Lammermoor;" the kinship of "Marmion" and "Ivanhoe;" and the statement that Thackeray got his plot of "Esmond" from "Woodstock."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON. *Reminiscences of a Fellow-Player.* By Francis Wilson. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

We have still another sort of biography in Francis Wilson's "Joseph Jefferson," appearing almost on the anniversary of Jefferson's death. The volume is aptly described as "Reminiscences of a Fellow-Player," the anecdotes, jokes, and miscellaneous jottings-down, in the same spirit of good-natured fun as in his lifetime, by a friend, fellow-player, and in a sense, follower. Francis Wilson has his own circle of friends and admirers, and many of his good stories, whether highly colored or not, will be welcome to the friends of both. The chief regret will be that they cannot hear Francis Wilson tell these stories instead of having to read them, some of them suffering from the loss of the personal ludicrous touch.

The pages on Jefferson as a painter, his views of his art, his creation of Rip Van Winkle, the spirited account of the All-Star cast of "The Rivals" and the accompanying reproductions of the photographs of the actors participating, are the chief contributions of the book, which will serve as an appendix to Jefferson's "Autobiography."

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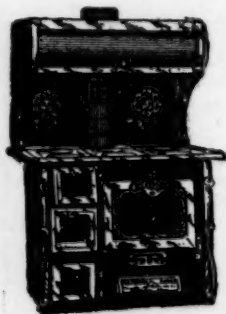
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